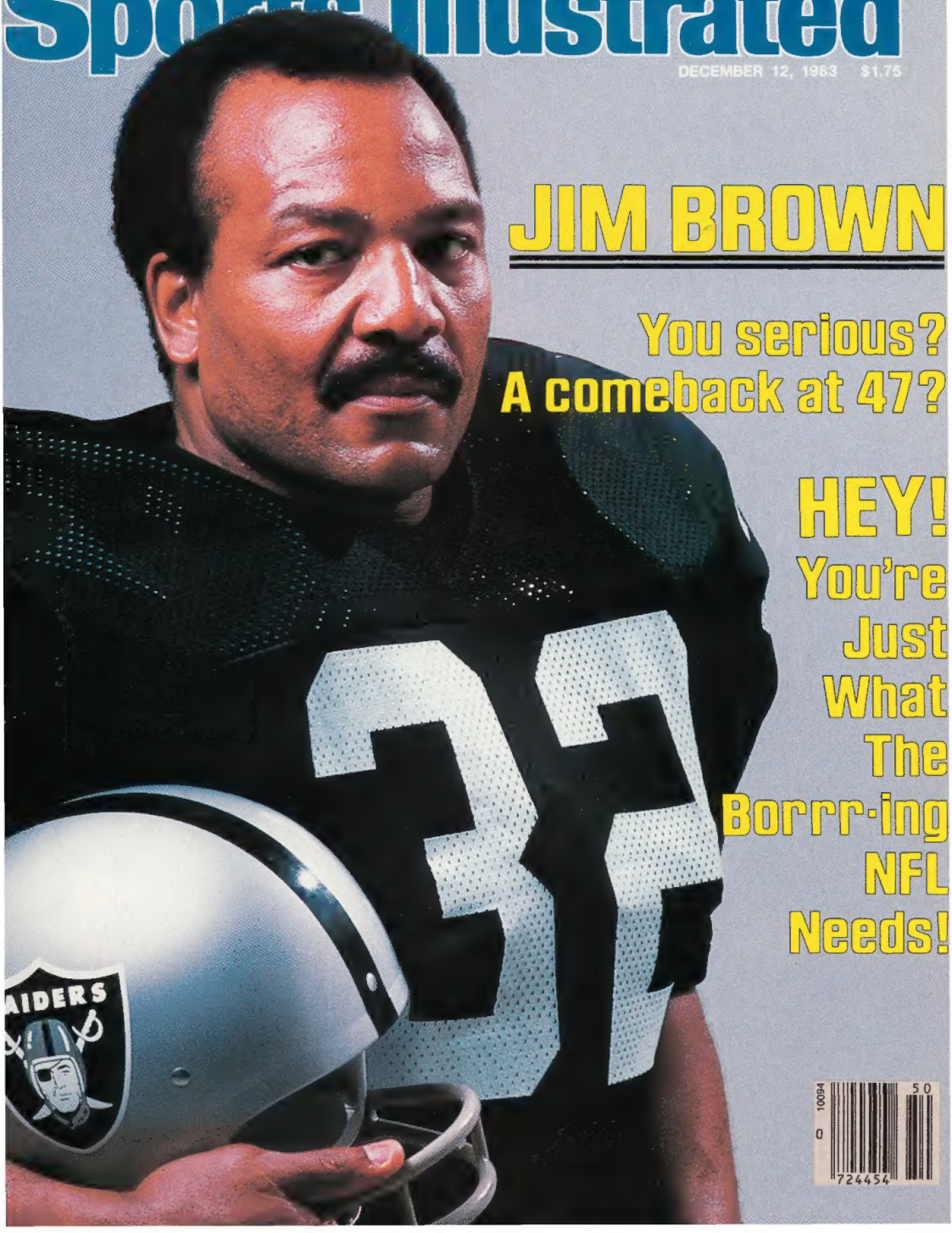
THE U.S. OLYMPIC HOCKEY TEAM: ANOTHER MIRACLE IN '84?

# Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 12, 1983 $1.75




## JIM BROWN

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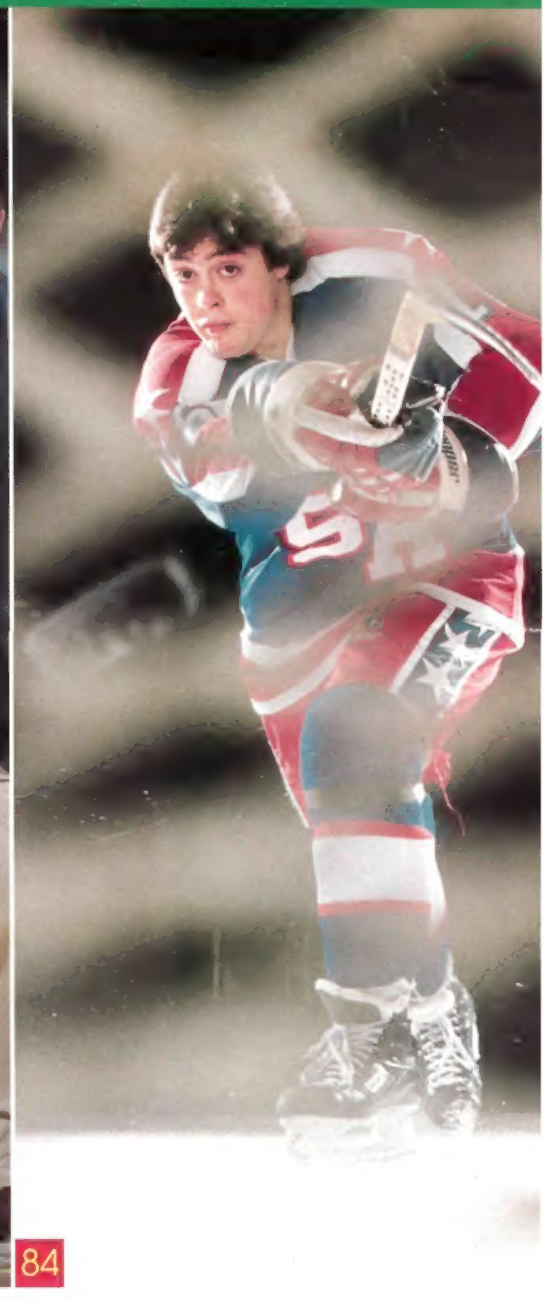
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*L.A. was hurting after losing a game to upsurging Dallas and Magic Johnson to a dislocated finger, but teen-age sharpshooter Pat LaFontaine could be just the medicine for U.S. Olympic hockey hopes. Is the NFL ailing? Don't tell it to the referee, Jerry Seeman.*

Sports Illustrated




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# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



NEW EDITORS BOUGHTON (LEFT) AND KAMB: OUR TAB HUNTER CONNECTION

"Living in Sacramento was like living in a B movie," says SI's prodigal daughter and newest associate editor, Susie Kamb, who left us six years ago for *The Sacramento* (what else?) *Bee*. Assistant Editor Vick Boughton, who came to us from *Working Woman*, goes further: "My whole life has been a B movie."

Under the direction of Senior Editor Linda Verigan, Kamb and Boughton acquire and edit the features that, despite not appearing on the magazine's marquee, have something of a cult following among our readership. These are the stories, some of which appear only regionally, in the very front and the back of the magazine that pertain to subjects as diverse as sports medicine and childhood reminiscences.

Kamb began where a lot of movies do, in Malibu. Her family's beach house served as a set for *The Valley of the Dolls*. "But what I wanted to be was a cowgirl," says Kamb, who used to play with the daughters of neighbor Sam Peckinpah. Instead, she excelled at tennis, never losing a doubles match in three years at Santa Monica High. Later, at UCLA, the 4′ 11½″—"the half counts," she insists—mini-Kamb, a photographer for the campus daily, snapped a poolside shot of the 6′ 11″ Bill Walton for SI, the recalcitrant Bruin center having refused to pose for our regular photographers. Upon graduation, she signed on with us as a full-time reporter and remained for two years before heading to Sacramento. After 5½ years at *The Bee*, Kamb took a supporting role, sports copy editor, at *The Washington Post* before returning to us in October.

Boughton grew up on Long Island, but her interest in sports blossomed in college, where her roommate was a Phil Esposito fan who had come to Wellesley all the way from Indiana to be closer to her idol. During Boston Bruin games, the roomie would plant herself firmly in front of the TV set in a jersey bearing Espo's number and do needlepoint. "I watched every Bruins game that season," recalls Boughton, who thereby came to love the game.

Her other passions range from cruising in her 1971 lime-green Cutlass convertible to taking in trash films. She has a special fondness for John Waters' freakishly camp scratch-and-sniff junk epic *Polyester*. The hero is Todd Tomorrow, played by Tab Hunter—the same Tab Hunter who used to film his TV show in Kamb's living room.

Before joining the cast of *Working Woman*, Boughton appeared as a Yank at Oxford (reading ethnology) and was a literary publicist in New York. One of her firm's biggest clients was Arthur Herzog, author of *The Swarm* and *Orca*. Guess what kind of movies they got made into?

Robert L. Miller


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# BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH TAX

**HERE IS AN ARRAY OF FINE HOLIDAY GIFTS JUST FOR THE SPORTS-MINDED**

The handsomest book published in our roundup for holiday giving this year is also far more than that, though its outstanding beauty is a considerable distinction in itself. Galen Rowell's *Mountains of the Middle Kingdom* (Sierra Club Books, $40) began as a rediscovery of the remote, immense stretch of high peaks in western China following the 30 years (1950-80) during which this fabled land was effectively sealed off to foreigners by the People's Republic. And with its remarkably evocative photographs and authoritative text, a rediscovery it is. But Rowell discovered quickly that what he was seeing and photographing as one of the first outlanders given access often bore little resemblance to the propaganda and the rare approved reports published in those 30 years. His firsthand account of what happened to millions of people and their culture is a journalistic coup and sure to excite controversy in a number of world capitals as well as among the exclusive fraternity of "old China hands."

For the fisherman on your list—there has to be at least one on every list—this year give him something guaranteed to amuse and entertain instead of a costly gadget, which he'll probably exchange anyway. Give Professor Louis Rubin's *The Even-Tempered Angler* (Winchester Press, $12.95). University Distinguished Professor of English at the University of North Carolina, Rubin pokes gentle fun at many classes of anglers—the Trout Fisherman (*Piscatorius magisterius salmonides*); the Black-bass Fisherman (*P. bocagrande plasticum*)—with a style and erudition all too infrequently encountered these days. And he advocates a method of catching fish—after all, the real basis for the sport—that I'm going to leave you to guess at on the way to the bookstore.

While you're there, pick up, carefully, a fisherman's treasure trove, Austin M. Francis' *Catskill Rivers: Birthplace of American Fly Fishing* (Winchester Press, $24.95), and see if you can resist buying this magnificent volume for the person starting or augmenting a library on the sport. A five-year labor of love, these diligently researched and beautifully illustrated pages are devoted to the well-worn range of mountains that cradle the six major Catskill streams where American fly-fishing was born and evolved: the Beaverkill, Willowemoc, Neversink, Esopus, Schoharie and Delaware. Though Francis omits nothing of importance from the days when "water covered everything that is now the Catskills," this is no dust-dry history or anthology but a lively tale, rich with anecdote, custom, controversy and personality—and even instruction in the art that yields pleasure for millions.



ILLUSTRATION BY ALEXA GRACE

The noble dog is a friend of mine, though not my best friend by any means. In the event that he is *yours*, however, you will surely appreciate the fat (344 pages), lavish celebration of itself by the American Kennel Club on its 100th anniversary—*The AKC's World of the Pure-Bred Dog*, edited by Duncan Barnes (Howell Book House, $29.95). For true believers there are well-illustrated chapters on everything from a history of the AKC to "Famous Dogs and Their People" and "Famous People and Their Dogs" to a portfolio in color of many of the AKC's own collection of the dog in painting and sculpture. For those, like me, merely amicably inclined toward dogs, there's a good selection of the dog in prose, with two of my favorites: James Thurber's "The Dog That Bit People" and Corey Ford's "Every Dog Should Own a Man."

On the other hand, if *your* best friend has had some wild boar cutlets in the freezer for a while, waiting for the right recipe to come along, get him or her *The L.L. Bean Game & Fish Cookbook* by Angus Cameron and Judith Jones (Random House, $19.95). The first step in preparing boar cutlets is to submerge them in buttermilk for three days, but other dishes, including moose Bourguignon, squirrel cacciatore and chicken-fried kit beaver, require less patience. This is the most comprehensive game cookbook I've ever seen. Further proof that the sport of eating is not to be taken with too much salt is found in nutritionist Frances Sheridan Goulart's *The Official Eating to Win Cookbook* (Stein and Day, $16.95). I don't know what makes this book "official," but I'm not going to fight with Ms. Goulart, who runs and swims and bicycles 4,000 miles a year. There's a predictable amount of *hijiki*, *masa harina* and ascorbic acid powder here, but also a lot of (currently) sound advice on food for weekend athletes and recipes on everything from honeysuckle roses to Boston Marathon cream pie. Goulart is not going to get you to run like Rodgers or Waitz, but it won't hurt you to eat the way the author does. I hope not, anyway.

Every year someone takes a shot at the definitive book about the cowboy, in all likelihood this country's most influential product worldwide. Some of the efforts have been outstanding in one aspect or another, but none has prepared us for the absolute excellence of this one: *The American Cowboy* by Lonn Taylor and Ingrid Maar (Harper & Row, $50). Its unlikely genesis is a U.S. Library of Congress exhibition that can be seen next year in San Antonio, Denver, San Jose, Calif. and Calgary, Alberta and shouldn't be missed. The book itself portrays an incomparable collection of paintings,

*continued*

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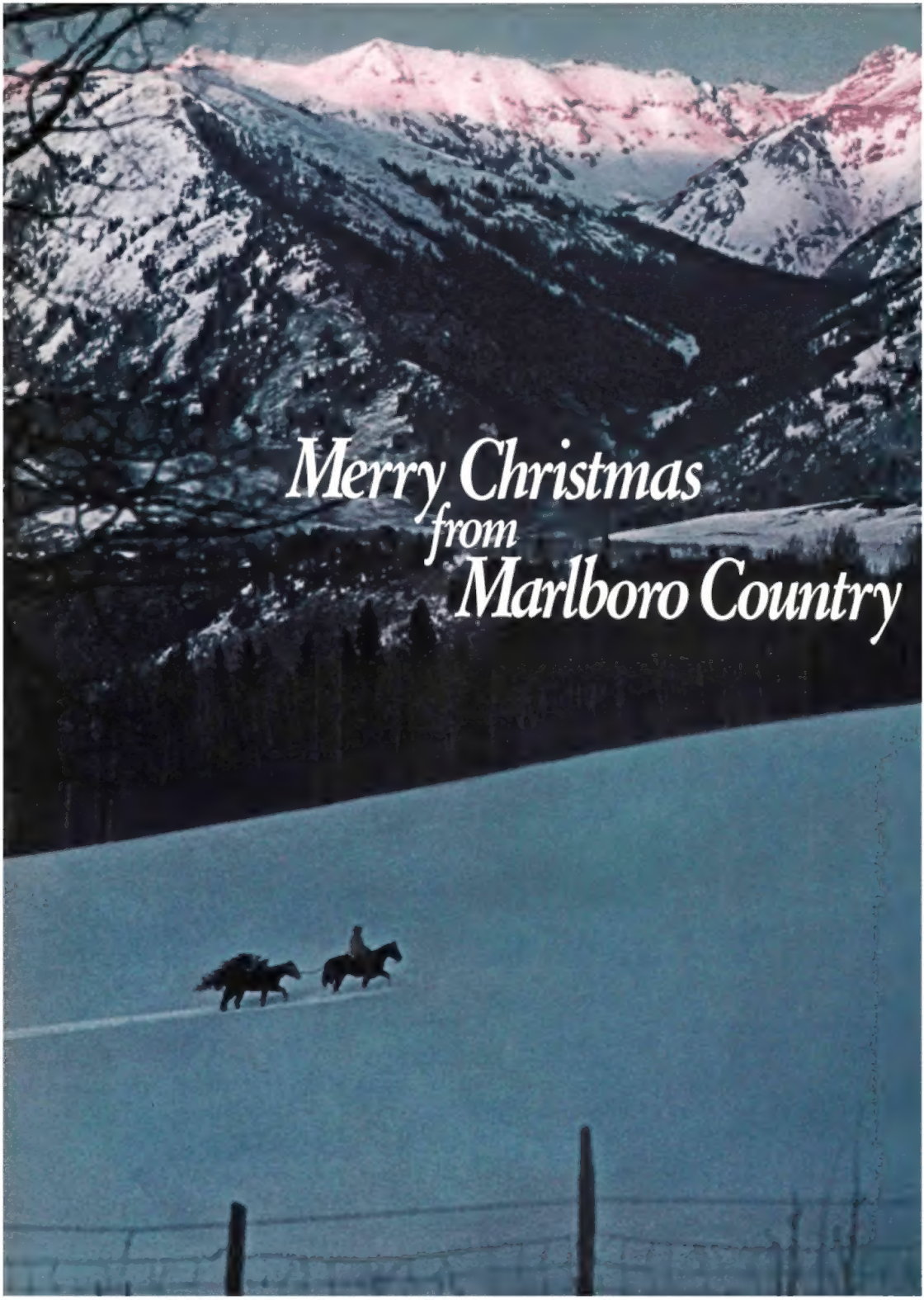
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sculpture, pictures, maps and memorabilia from the library's apparently inexhaustible treasure vaults. There are richly woven texts by Taylor on the open-range cowboy and the cowboy hero of myth, and one by B. Byron Price on modern cowboy life on the Texas plains. Both men are historians and museum directors with clear authority in this area. But why does a creation of skill and scholarship like this have to end on the jarring note that it does? The last feature is a hip make-believe dialogue between two urban cowboys named Virgil and Bubba, composed by country and western songwriter Dave Hickey. Don't ask me how it got into the book.

The quality of this holiday season's baseball gift books is underwhelming; I still believe Donn Rogosin's previously reviewed tribute to the men of the Negro leagues, *Invisible Men* (Atheneum, $14.95) is the year's best. But there *are* two current volumes worth your while, at least for younger fans. They are illustrated histories of *The American League* and *The National League* by Donald Honig (Crown Publishers, $19.95 each). Both books offer brief accounts of pre-1900 developments and then fuller treatment of progress through 1982. Honig's text for each book is complemented by more than 550 pictures of players and events, many previously unpublished. Honig's season summaries are knowledgeable, helped considerably by the fact that in the space allotted to him he has not had to deal with each year's World Series. Those affairs, which began in 1903, presumably will be the subject of another volume next year.

Your bird-watching friend or relative should also be a student of the subject and a lover of the beauty of words if he's to appreciate *North American Marsh Birds* by artist Gary Low and writer William Mansell (Harper & Row, $39.95 until Dec. 31; $44.95 thereafter). This exceptional presentation of paintings and drawings of 52 species that make the marsh their home is truly distinguished, in my view, by Mansell's text. *Marsh Birds* brims with the wit and charm of 50 years of personal observations. For both men, the book is a serious, if low-key, "crusade for the preservation of marshes and their inhabitants," and in a telling introduction, Mansell explains why.

The last place on earth where one can still observe big game in natural abundance and behavior—lions, elephants, leopards, rhinos, buffalo—is the 700-square-mile Maasai Mara Reserve in Kenya, which abuts the equally vast Serengeti National Park of Tanzania. There, in the Mara, two devoted and highly skilled Englishmen, writer Brian Jackman and photographer Jonathan Scott, spent five years following the lives and deaths of a pride of lions and have produced an astonishingly vivid record of their efforts: *The Marsh Lions: The Story of an African Pride* (David R. Godine, Boston, $19.95 until Dec. 31; $24.95 thereafter). Over the years the lions and other carnivores apparently began to take for granted the men and the trucks that allowed the men to get close enough to note and


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photograph daily events. Nevertheless, there were a few close calls with disaster. It may never again be possible to capture the relentless rhythm of birth, bloody feral existence, decline and death on such a scale as these two men have; their success is a landmark in the history of the world's wild places.

Whatever Ralph Nader thought of him, or however bona fide critics judged his works, Harley Earl was, as this book sums him up, "the most influential designer of the twentieth century." The sole arbiter of the styling of General Motors cars from 1927 to 1959, Earl lived to see 50 million of his creations, with their incalculable effect on far more than mere transportation, displayed on every street in America.

The prime innovator of the then-revolutionary notion that appearance had something to do with sales, he introduced chrome, tail fins, hardtops and dozens of today's stylistic cliches, often revealing his own fascination with aerodynamics and space flight and nearly always designing longer and lower models. *Harley Earl and the Dream Machine*, by Stephen Bayley (Alfred A. Knopf, $20) tells this story magnificently in both words and pictures, from Earl's early days in Hollywood, when he custom-designed cars for many of the stars, through the 1927 La Salle, the Buick "Y" Job, the '50s Cadillacs, the Corvettes and all of the "dream cars" that mesmerized millions of Americans.

Games and puzzles in book format, especially for children, are an old tradition, but I have not seen anything as good as *Photo Crimes* (Simon and Schuster, $7.95) in some time. It is definitely not for the kiddies, but for you, it challenges you to play detective competitively. Twenty crimes—thefts, murders, industrial espionage—are enacted in step-by-step photographs, and you have to identify the culprits after examining clues and evidence. The clues are optional, for each one you decide to look at, you deduct points from your score, if you think you know who done it without their help, your score is that much higher. Then you compare your score with that of your opponent on each case. The cases are not easy, and I found them great fun. One interesting puzzle is the book itself. It was produced in England by four enterprising women, manufactured in Singapore and is offered to you by our own S & S. Oh, the miracles of Christmastime!

END




# SHOULD THE REASSURANCES OF BUYING THE RIGHT CAR COME FROM THE CAR ITSELF OR THE APPROVAL OF OTHERS?

It isn't easy to buy a Saab.

Other cars offer society's reassurance of status. Or the security of hidebound practicality. Or the image of performance.

The reassurances that come from buying a Saab, on the other hand, come mainly from the car itself, as perceived by the buyer.

Those reassurances aren't so obvious to the great mass of automotive fashion followers. But they're very obvious to the small mass of Saab followers. Because you have to drive a Saab to understand them.

*The right car should tell you about itself.*

If you view a twisty road as a challenge, a Saab will stimulate you with the poise of its front-wheel-drive traction, the grip of its 15" Pirelli radials and, on the 900S and Turbo models, the stability of gas-filled shock absorbers.

If, on the other hand, you view the same road as a potential hazard, a Saab will calm you for precisely the same reasons.

The Saab fuel-injected, two-liter engine accelerates in a manner that puts many alleged symbols of performance to shame.

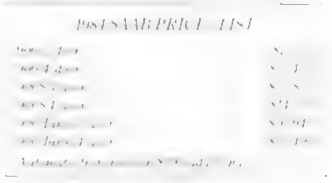
The Saab APC Turbo engine leaves some of them positively mortified.

The design of a Saab's interior bridges the gap between the stark but purposeful interior of a race car and the anesthetizing plush of a land cruiser.

Its seats will help keep you alert and untired after hours of driving. Its controls are laid out to keep you well-informed about your Saab's relationship to driving conditions.

A Saab's structure will communicate its integrity to you over every jounce and pothole in the road.

And in the event of a chance encounter with a large, fixed obstacle, it will use all its strength to help protect you.



A Saab communicates all these things to you without shouting to the world that it is a performance car or a luxury car or a car of eminent practicality.

*The right people will tell you about a Saab.*

There has always been a hard core of Saab followers who've appreciated Saab's unique design philosophies. Hardy souls, who could look with indifference on their neighbors' concern for their automotive nonconformity.

It's still a hard core group. But today there are a lot more people in it.

One reason for this growing acceptance might be that in the 27 years since the first Saabs pulled themselves onto American shores with front-wheel drive, just about every other carmaker has followed suit with front-wheel-drive cars of their own. So building cars with front-wheel drive became the thing to do.

It might be that Saabs don't happen to look that different anymore. Two oil boycotts and a period of incredible inflation in fuel prices have had the interesting effect of making aerodynamic cars look right in tune with the times.

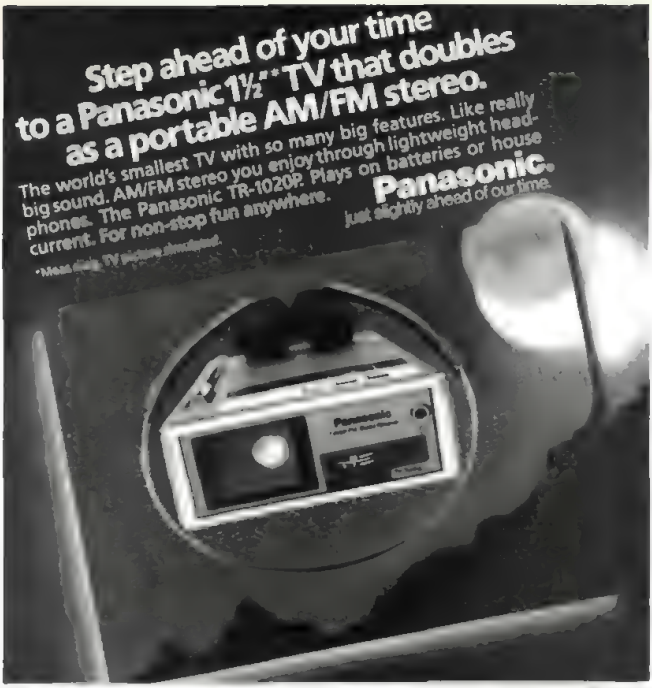
It's possible that Saab's idea of using turbocharging for maximum performance from minimal fuel has taken root in the collective psyches of the public. It has in the minds of other carmakers, who are applying "*TURBO*" logos to their products just as fast as they can bring them to market.

Whatever the reasons, in some circles, Saabs have become rather fashionable.

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# Update

by FRANZ LIDZ

## Y.A. TITTLE, SOMEWHAT OF A FOLK HERO AS A QUARTERBACK, FINDS FOLK ART

*I am no more superstitious than the next man (the next man happens to hail from the Cameroons and is crouched on his hams shrinking his uncle's head over a slow fire).*

—S.J. PERELMAN

Y.A. Tittle may never have made a voodoo doll to ruin Otto Graham's passing arm, but he was as superstitious as the next quarterback. He wore the same pair of leather shoulder pads throughout his 17 seasons in the NFL, he sat in the same seat in the back of the team bus, he stuck to high-top shoes when just about everyone else in the pros had changed to low ones. "I had all kinds of little rituals that were sort of stupid," he says.

Tittle hasn't needed so many mystical rituals to become a successful insurance broker in San Francisco. But they help explain his fascination with totems, fetishes and folk art from around the world.

Tittle's wife, Minnette, is a trustee of the Folk Art International, a nonprofit foundation that plans to start a folk art museum in the Bay Area. She got Tittle interested in folklore and primitive art. "Minnette loves to travel and pick up these huge statues," Tittle says. "I just follow her around with a checkbook."

Their first expedition on behalf of the museum was to New Guinea, in 1979. "Y.A. was reluctant to go when he heard there might be liver flukes in the river," says fellow trustee Ray Handley, a San Francisco developer. "His idea of folk art was to go home to Texas and buy baskets. But tell Minnette you're going where savages eat Texans for breakfast, and she's ready to go."

Since then, the Tittles have ventured into remote parts of China, Tibet and Mexico and the hills and hollows of North Carolina. And along the way they've picked up enough artifacts to make even Claude Levi-Strauss envious. Most of the collection is stored in two huge warehouses on the Bay. The Tittle cache includes an Indonesian circumcision chair; a 35-foot Asian cedar dugout

continued


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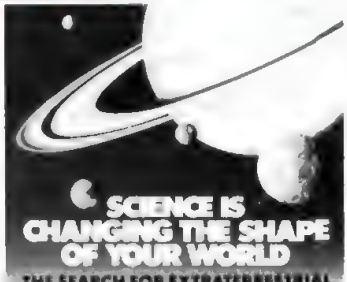
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canoe from New Guinea carved in the shape of a crocodile, ceremonial rain-dance and death masks from the Guerrero province of Mexico; and Appalachian brooms, quilts and dough bowls. There's even a chief's staff that's supposed to make you invisible, which Tittle might have found useful in the 1961 championship game, which his New York Giants lost 37–0 to Green Bay.

Of all the Tittle treasure hunts, the one to New Guinea was his favorite. He saw the famed Asaro Mudmen, who he says looked not unlike his former teammates after three quarters in a steady rain. But the customs of the New Guinean Highlanders differed from those found on any football field, where the pigskin is only incidental to human sacrifice. In New Guinea, the humans roast the whole pig in honor of their ancestral ghosts, and warriors disdain helmets and face masks in favor of feather headdresses and nose plugs fashioned from the hollow bones of the cassowary.

Tittle was on hand for several "pay-backs," a form of Highland retribution in which members of warring tribes avenge the wrongs done to them by taking the same action against their enemy, be it stealing a pig, or even committing a murder—burning huts in these cases. But Tittle was undaunted. "I had more fear looking across the line of scrimmage and seeing Ray Nitschke inches from my nose," he says.

While visiting one village, Tittle played catch with the children, using a tennis ball. The chief joined in. Tittle sharpened up his tosses. He worried that if the ball hit the chief in the head, there might be trouble. Tittle didn't want to be sacked, even by a vegetarian tribe. He aimed more carefully than when he used to throw to Del Shofner. "I didn't want to embarrass the chief before his people," Tittle says. The chief clapped his hands around the ball, and the village cheered. "That was one ball Y.A. really wanted to be caught," says Minnette.

"What New Guinea needs is a nonviolent sport," Tittle says reflectively. "Rather than having tribal wars and putting on all that paint and running across the hills and getting mad at each other, maybe they could put on a colorful uniform and play baseball."

Not football? The former NFL potentate shakes his head sagely. "No," he says, "football should be broken to a country later." **END**

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### CATCHER'S MITTS AND BOWL GAMES

What do seekers of Cabbage Patch Kids dolls and White House correspondents have in common? Only this: Both have been the subject of hoaxes peripherally involving sports. But there's similarity ends. While Bob Reitman and Gene Mueller, co-hosts of a morning music-and-talk show on Milwaukee radio station WKTI-FM, sought to take advantage of the desire of Cabbage Patch Kids fanciers to acquire this year's hottest toy, White House spokesman Larry Speakes was trying to exploit the eagerness of the presidential press corps to get the news. And while Reitman and Mueller pulled off their little stunt, Speakes, as far as we're concerned, laid an egg with his.

Both hoaxes were widely reported, but in case you missed them, here's a recap. Reitman and Mueller, kiddingly announced on their show one morning that at three o'clock that afternoon an unidentified person would fly over Milwaukee County Stadium in a B-29 bomber and drop between 1,500 and 2,000 Cabbage Patch Kids on the stadium parking lot. They said that anybody who wanted a doll should show up with a catcher's mitt and hold his American Express Card aloft so that an aerial photograph of his account number could be taken. The radio station was swamped by calls from listeners who took all this seriously. Even though the station later aired disclaimers, some two dozen people braved a bitter wind to come out to the stadium in hopes of getting dolls.

Now for Speakes's caper. Upset by what he felt was excessive snooping around by reporters at the desks of White House press officials, Speakes planted two bogus internal memos on the desks of his aides. One memo proposed moving the press corps out of the White House and into the Old Executive Office Building. The other suggested that President Reagan announce his candidacy for re-election at halftime of an upcoming college football bowl game. Speakes later boasted with lip-smacking satisfaction that two unnamed reporters had "bit like snakes" and had called "all over this White House" to try to pin down the story about relocating the press. But they hadn't really bitten as much as Speakes indicated; unlike the folks who showed up at the stadium in Milwaukee, the reporters had at least taken the trouble to check things out, and none of the false information was printed or broadcast.

Whether or not it explains why they fared better in the hoax department than Speakes did, Reitman and Mueller certainly exhibited a better grasp of sports. They demonstrated a sure instinct in focusing on owners of catcher's mitts, which, after all, are tools of ignorance. Speakes's business about the bowl game was less artful. As everybody knows, halftime is when TV football viewers go to the bathroom and the kitchen; they aren't about to spend that valuable time listening to a political speech. What Speakes should have done is planted a memo saying that Reagan was going to put the announcement of his candidacy in writing and drop it out of a B-29 over RFK Stadium. Who knows how many White House correspondents would have shown up with catcher's mitts?

### PRESIDENTIAL FITNESS

Speaking of the White House, those were some mighty impressive photos that *Parade* and *TIME* ran earlier this week of Ronald Reagan pumping iron to develop the presidential pecs and abs. And those were useful tips that Reagan dispensed in his *Parade* article on how he stays fit. The President said he chops wood and rides horses on his ranch in California, swims at Camp David and gets in a half-hour daily workout—bench presses, leg lifts and the like—in the White House. He also said he eats moderately and told of having followed a doctor's advice and "cured myself of the salt habit." And he suggested that his countrymen heed his example and pay more attention to matters of exercise and diet.

In divulging his fitness secrets, Reagan said playfully, "Move over, Jane Fonda—here comes the Ronald Reagan workout plan." White House aides hope that by projecting an image of robustness, Reagan's fitness article will also help push aside potential campaign rivals like Walter Mondale and John Glenn. But in politics, it seems, every silver lining has a cloud. The President's article quickly drew fire from the $650 million-a-year salt industry. Objecting to Reagan's put-down, William Dickinson, the president of the Salt Institute, which represents 16 major salt producers, said, "The fact of the matter is that only 5% of the people in this country need to reduce their salt intake. If you're a normal, healthy person, there's no benefit to cutting back on salt. The President is taking a doctor's advice, which most people should do, but cutting out salt isn't good for everyone."

Whatever the political implications, the fact is that the American Medical Association, the American Heart Association and other authoritative health organizations maintain that the reduction of salt consumption will help even the normal, healthy people mentioned by Dickinson prevent hypertension associated with strokes. Score this one for that fitness guru, Ronald Reagan.

### DO YOU KNOW ME? I'M KEVIN....

The American Express Card may be accepted by more than 700,000 commercial establishments worldwide, but last week




Chicago Bulls Coach Kevin Loughery had trouble getting one honored at The Summit in Houston. With three seconds left in a 116–110 loss to the Rockets, Loughery was ejected from the game in yet another of the brouhahas over officiating that have occurred during the NBA's ill-advised lockout of referees. The game dragged on for nearly three hours because of 70 fouls, six technicals and 101 free-throw attempts, and Loughery got the heave-ho for questioning

continued

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some calls too strenuously. But before leaving the court, he tried to officially protest the game.

Ordinarily, protests entail notifying the officials at the game and then mailing a $500 check to the NBA office in New York. Whether out of ignorance or pique, Cary Toone, the substitute ref working the game, interpreted the rules as requiring Loughery to produce the check on the spot. This sent the Bulls coach into a rage. "Who has a credit card?" bellowed Loughery, who never brings his valuables out on the court with him. Trainer Mark Pfeil produced the green plastic, and Loughery triumphantly held it up for Toone to see, asking, "How about this? Will you take American Express?" Toone wouldn't, and Loughery was unceremoniously escorted off the floor.

Maybe Loughery should try Visa next time.

**CHEAP SHOT**

Credit *Dallas Times Herald* columnist Blackie Sherrod with running the nastiest crack of the week. Noting that Cowboys owner Clint Murchison Jr. had put the team on the market for $60 million, Sherrod quoted a local wag as saying that the whopping price tag included the Cowboys' famed cheerleaders. "But if you want the cheerleaders' costumes," Sherrod's friend added, "that'll be another seven bucks."

**CONTRARY WINDS**

One hundred feet above Kailua Bay on Oahu in Hawaii, parasailor Ron Kurth, 22, was breezing along under his parachute at the end of a tether being pulled by the powerboat below. All of a sudden Kurth became aware of something odd. There was a gusty 25-knot trade wind blowing, and he realized that the boat, a new $4,000 16-footer with a 135-hp engine, wasn't pulling *him*; he and his parachute were pulling the boat—backward. "There wasn't anything I could do but hang on," Kurth said later, but aboard the boat, 20-year-old Steve Rostad, seeing water coming in over the transom of the craft and realizing what was happening, tried to pull the parachute down. He couldn't, nor could he unhook the towline and free Kurth so that the latter could descend normally.

Rostad, who weighs 175 pounds, even tried to climb the towline, hoping that his weight would bring down Kurth, who weighs only 110. That didn't work either. The boat was being pulled toward shore and was shipping more water. Finally, three windsurfers noticed what was going on and came to help. Slowly, they all reeled Kurth in, although not before the boat swamped and overturned in shallow water.

Kurth, who suffered a bruised foot in the strange mishap, had been planning to open a parasailing business this month, selling rides. "This is something of a setback," he said.

**A-AND-Q SESSION**



Carnac: lifted for pinch soothsayers.

In one of its regular "competitions" *New York* magazine recently invited readers to come up with answers followed by questions in the manner of Carnac the Magnificent, the mystical, all-knowing soothsayer portrayed on *The Tonight Show* by a turban-wearing Johnny Carson. As things turned out, three of the entries that the magazine's judges picked as winners had baseball angles:

A. Strawberry Fields Forever.
Q. What does a Mets' rookie do in the hereafter?

A. Catch 22.
Q. What did Bob Uecker do with 100 pitches?

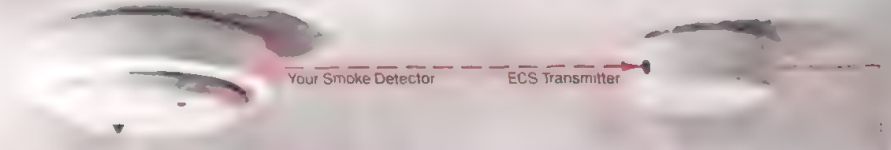
A. I'll take Manhattan, the Bronx and Staten Island, too.
Q. What are Dave Winfield's next salary demands?

That's it, Carnac fans. And may the bird of paradise build a nest in your batting helmet.

**THEY SAID IT**

- Mike Gottfried, Kansas football coach, asked if powerful Nebraska does things that other teams don't do: "I've never seen anyone kick off so much."
- Gaylord Perry, retired pitcher and noted spitballer, revealing on a TV show where he hid foreign substances while on the mound: "Mainly on my face. The umpires never noticed because I sweat a lot."
- Tom Mueller, TCU defensive coordinator, explaining to exasperated Head Coach Jim Wacker why there was no Horned Frog defender near an opposing receiver who had just dropped a pass in the end zone: "Coach, if they're not going to catch them, we're not going to cover them."
- Ed Croke, New York Giants public relations man, on 295-pound Defensive End Leonard Marshall: "We put him on a Cambridge diet, and he ate half of Cambridge."
- Norman Hackerman, president of Rice, after the Owls signed new football Coach Watson Brown to a six-year contract reportedly worth $1.2 million: "It's a commentary on society, not me."
- Sam Rutigliano, Cleveland Browns coach, exquisitely mixing metaphors after a loss: "If you can't make the putts and can't get the man in from second in the bottom of the ninth, you're not going to win enough football games in this league, and that's the problem we had today."
- Larry Holmes, WBC heavyweight champion, explaining why he continues to dwell in his hometown of Easton, Pa. instead of moving to a bigger city: "Here, the Joneses try to keep up with the Holmeses." **END**

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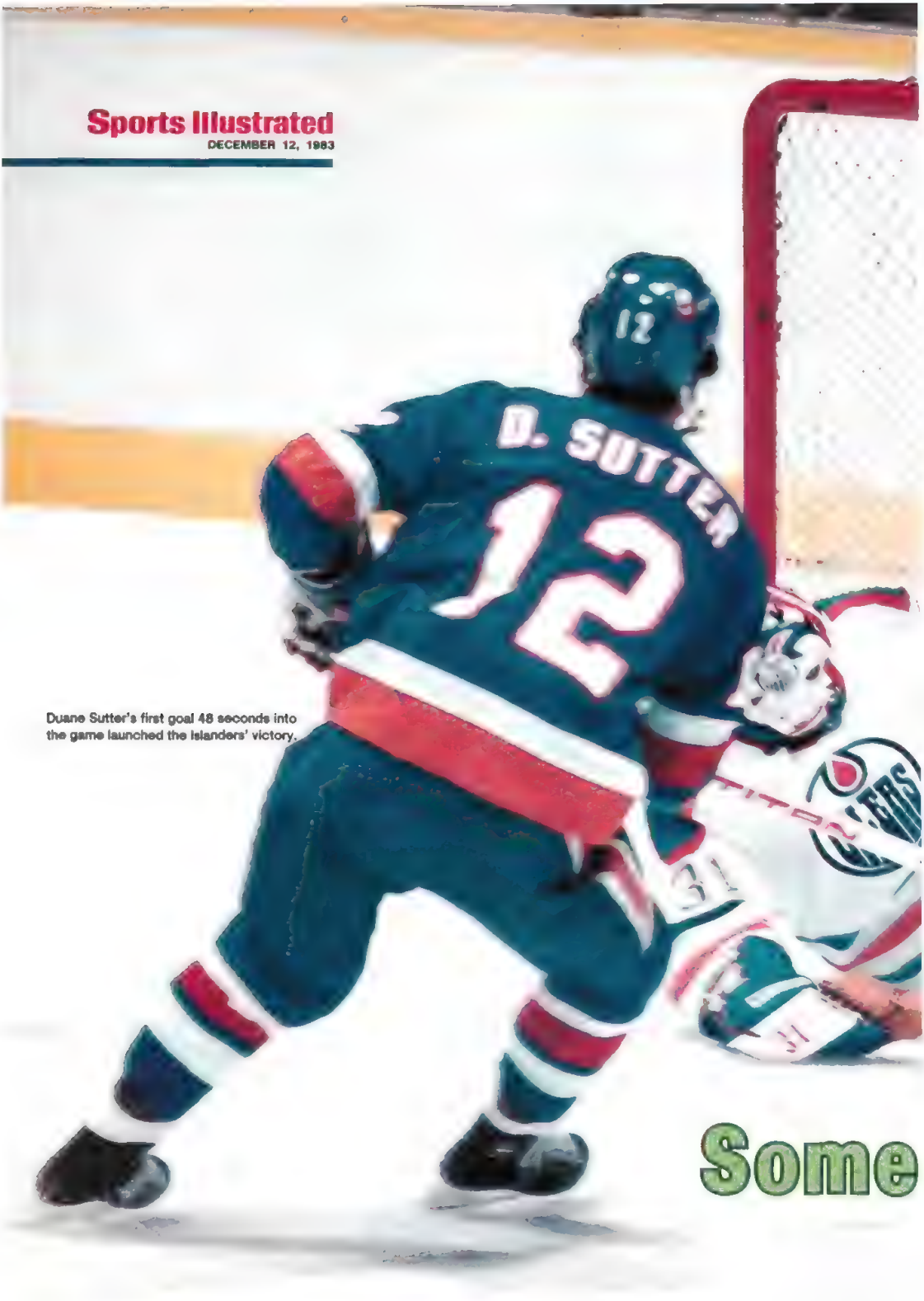
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Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 12, 1983




Duane Sutter's first goal 48 seconds into the game launched the Islanders' victory.

Some




**No matter how many other teams the hot Oilers beat, they just can't get past the Islanders, who won again last week**

by JACK FALLA

# Things Don't Change

CONTINUED

Outside, gray patches of packed, frozen snow lay on the walkways around Edmonton's Northlands Coliseum, dirty reminders of the relentless approach of the long prairie winter. But inside the arena, where the New York Islanders were facing the Edmonton Oilers last Sunday evening, the exuberant thoughts of the 17,498 assembled fans turned easily to spring, specifically to last spring, when the Islanders made it four Stanley Cups in a row by humiliating the Oilers in four straight games of a bitter playoff final, and to next spring, when the Islanders' Drive for Five and the Oilers' Gun for One could well meet head on. Thus, Game 278 on the NHL schedule, the Thrilla in Alberta, could have been viewed as either Game 5 of the 1983 finals, a chance for revenge for Edmonton, or Game 1 of the 1984 finals, an early opportunity for the Islanders to reassert their mastery.

Sorry, Edmonton. Sunday's game came off just like Games 1 through 4 of the 1983 finals. The disciplined, defense-oriented Islanders never trailed and won 4–2, the normally high-scoring Oilers, despite the intimidating presence of the league's two top snipers in Wayne Gretzky, who had 30 goals and 49 assists coming into the game, and Jarri Kurri (26 and 30), were once again frustrated in trying to solve Islander Coach Al Arbour's Dense Pack defense. Three and sometimes four Islander defenders created virtual gridlock in the slot, conceding outside shots, sweeping away rebounds and generally keeping the slick Oiler forwards out of their primary scoring area.

Arbour's tactics for this game actually began unfolding three nights earlier in Calgary when he started Billy Smith in goal in a 6–2 loss to the Flames. By playing Smith, Arbour all but announced that Rollie (The Goalie) Melanson, the No. 2 Islander netminder, would face Edmonton. Thus, Arbour denied the Oilers the extra incentive they would have had facing Smith, whose brilliant goaltending against Edmonton last May made him playoff MVP but whose slashing of Oiler forward Glenn Anderson in Game 1 and sticking of Gretzky in Game 2 provoked the looney-tunes sideshow that marred the Cup finals. Such is the lasting bitterness of that series that last summer Gretzky, still smoldering with anger and frustration, said, "The good Lord will take care of Mr. Smith."

Arbour said the decision to start Melanson—Smith watched the game from the press box—had "nothing to do with last year's playoffs." Smith supposedly had a touch of the flu. "Al's playing with their minds," said former Islander Defenseman Jean Potvin, now a radio analyst for the team. "He knows there's no







Sutter's second goal (above) was a carom off three or four legs. Then Tonelli sprawled out after his goal.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL BERESKIN






Once again, the Great One (99) wasn't able to do great things against the Islanders' Dense Pack, which left him frustrated.

one they'd rather stick the puck behind than Smitty, and he's not giving them the chance." The real significance of Arbour's scheme was that by withholding Smith, the Islanders were in effect saying that the game meant less to them than it did to Edmonton.

Which, of course, was true. "It's a credibility game for us," said Oiler Assistant Coach John Muckler. "We have to prove we can beat them."

"We have nothing to prove. It's not a game of vengeance for us," said Islander Center Butch Goring.

The monkey is indeed on Edmonton's back. After setting the NHL record for most goals in a regular season with 424 and losing only once, against 11 wins, in the first three rounds of the playoffs, the Oilers seemed to come unglued before the lordly Islanders, who had lurched through the regular season but who had acquired a swaggering belief that they could win whenever they had to.

"Edmonton is going through what we went through in the '70s," says New York Forward Bob Bourne, referring to the Isles semifinal playoff ousters in 1975, '76, '77 and '79, and quarterfinal loss in '78. The Islanders had been labeled choke artists and were considered a team without leaders before their Stanley Cup win in 1980 initiated their current streak of 16 consecutive playoff series victories.

"We won last year because we'd been there before and the Oilers hadn't," says Bourne. "That team is going to win a Cup sometime, but the first one will be the hardest. Now that they've been there, they should be more relaxed."

If the Oilers were relaxed they didn't show it on Sunday. The game was only 48 seconds old when the Islanders' Bryan Trottier fed Duane Sutter in front for an easy flip over sprawling Oiler Goalie Grant Fuhr and a 1–0 New York lead. Thirty-eight seconds later it again was Sutter, who had scored only three goals before Sunday's game, outmuscling Oiler Defenseman Charlie Huddy in front and rerouting Bob Bourne's shot, which struck Fuhr's pads, off Huddy's knee and into the net. Two-love Islanders.

"I don't understand it," said Gretzky. "I thought we were ready. The whole city was ready. Then right away we're down two-nothing."

The Oilers closed it to 2–1 on Defenseman Paul Coffey's second-period, power-play goal, a 45-foot slapper from the right point off a Gretzky feed. But that score and Defenseman Lee Fogolin's game-tying 55-foot floater, which Melanson could have bare-handed if teammate Dave Langevin hadn't screened him, served to illustrate Edmonton's dilemma. Both came from defensemen shooting at long range. They weren't cheap goals, but they were low-percentage shots.

Where were all those breakaway goals and slick passing combinations that had produced one runaway Oiler victory after another the first two months of the

*continued*



season? Where was the Great One? He was goalless in the '83 Cup finals, and now the Islanders once again weren't letting him play his private game of keepaway with the puck. Where was Kurri, who only the night before had set an NHL record by recording an assist in his 15th straight game?

"We give any kind of shot from the points or from a bad angle," says Islander Defenseman Ken Morrow, offering a good analysis of the Dense Pack's tactics. "We try to take away their passing lanes into the middle. If they do get a guy in



The Isles hemmed in 26-goal-man Kurri.

good position, we're all over him."

And it's not as if Edmonton doesn't know what to do about it. "We could force them out of it if we could get a lead," says Muckler, accurately, because even Arbour says, "The game dictates the strategy, and we probably would have to open up a bit if we fell behind." But the Islanders don't fall behind. The Oilers led only once, for 5:42, in last spring's final and never held a lead at an intermission—and they could not get ahead last week.

New York Wing John Tonelli broke Sunday's tie and scored the game-winner at 7:15 of the second period, stickhandling around Huddy and shoveling the puck between Fuhr's pads as he fell to the ice. Islander Defenseman Tomas Jonsson bolted the door at 7:45 of the third period, intercepting a bad clearing pass by Coffey and slapping a 45-foot shot past Fuhr.

Edmonton was given a hint of life two minutes later when Trottier was penalized for tripping. However, the Oilers lost the power-play advantage a mere 17 seconds later when Huddy was called for holding Goring. It was a most untimely penalty, and another indication that maturity is not the Oilers' middle name.



In addition to the parallels with last season's playoffs, Sunday's game provided a tactical contrasting of New York's up-and-down style vs. Edmonton's round-and-round—and yet another example of the Islanders' ability to rise to an occasion when they must. After New York skated to a 5–5 tie in St. Louis on Nov. 29 and performed so poorly in Calgary, a visibly annoyed Arbour complained about the Islanders' lackadaisical style. "We initiate nothing and retaliate on everything. . . . I don't know why we get like this," he said.

Bourne does. "I think there's something in this club that requires adversity to get it going," he says. "Sometimes I think we create adversity."

The Isles didn't have to create much of anything on Sunday, because their tenacious forechecking took command of the offensive corners for all but the first half of the second period, and their con-





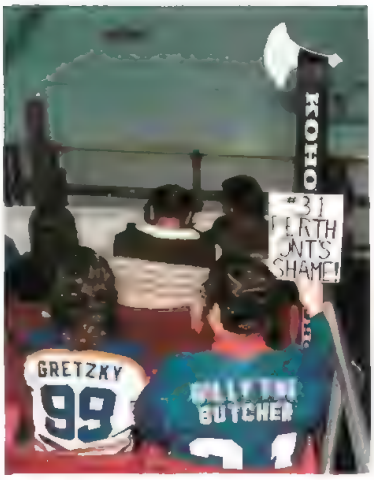

By playing Melanson, Arbour told the Oilers this was just another game for the champs.

Sutters, Brent and Duane, and Tonelli. That prompted Right Wing Bob Nystrom to say, "One thing we have that they may not have is the right blend of grinders and scorers."

"It's always the Tonellis and the Sutters and guys like that who beat us," said Sather in resigned tribute to the New York muckers.

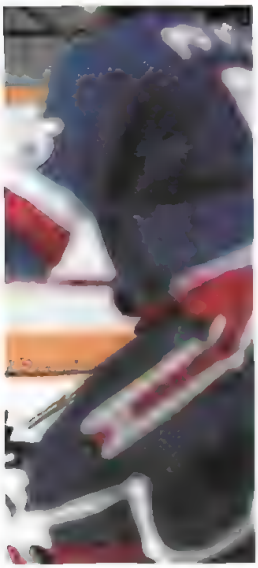
At the same time, Edmonton, for all its goal-scoring prowess and swirling Euro-hockey offensive style, remains a team with potential it has yet to live up to—and a reputation it must live down. Said Gretzky, "The Islanders have the feeling—and it grows and grows—that they can beat us. We have to take that feeling away from them, and we have to do it quickly. One Stanley Cup will silence our critics. Until then, it doesn't matter how well we play."

Late Sunday night, as winter closed in on Edmonton, the taste of last spring was bitter and the promise of next spring seemed very far away. END




Fans had Smith in the back of their minds.

stant back-checking provided the extra defensive manpower necessary for the Dense Pack. "It was our best game of the year," said Arbour. It was also a game won not by the Islander stars—Trottier, Mike Bossy and Denis Potvin—but by the foot soldiers—the






Fuhr performed well in the nets but couldn't save the Oilers from their typical destiny.

# Pete, The Way They Play Today Stinks

The author and Ray Nitschke offer the same message to Pete Rozelle: The NFL just ain't what it used to be

**by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

I was watching the Jets and Patriots on TV two Sundays ago. NBC was doing promos on the following Sunday's Cleveland-Denver game, which I guess they figured was the most interesting matchup of Week 14 in one of the dullest NFL seasons I can remember. Six, eight, 10 times they ran that promo. I lost count.

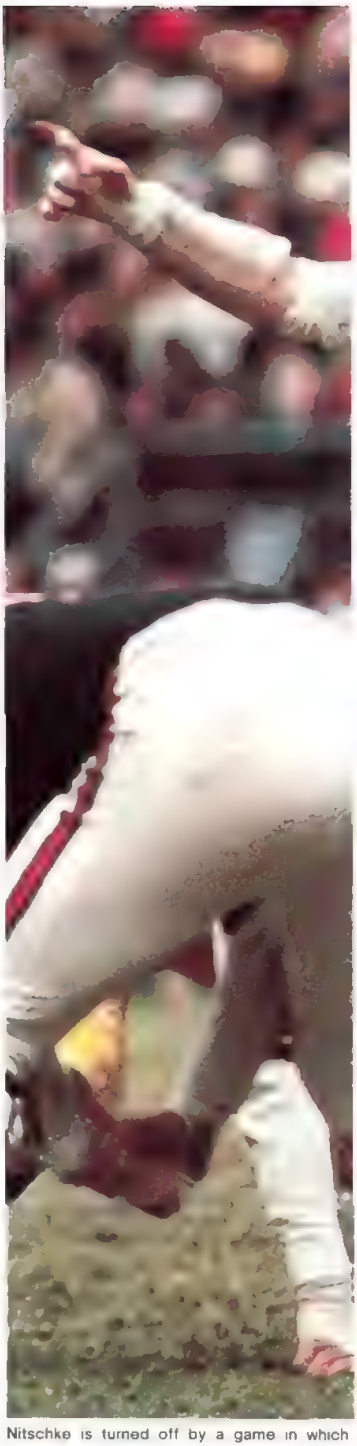
"Watch the big, bad Browns battle the hard-charging Broncos," the guy was saying, and do you know what they used to illustrate that big, bad, hard-charging battle? Dennis Smith, a Bronco safety-man, doing a backflip in the end zone. That's it, I thought. That's the 1983 season, a big, bad, hard-charging backflip. An 8–5 team against a 7–6, two clubs from that great, gray mass that is pro football these days. Going into last weekend's games, 13 teams were either 6–7 or 7–6 and the biggest and baddest Brown was Jim, talking about a comeback with the Los Angeles Raiders at the age of 47.

Once giants like Brown roamed the NFL. Every team had an identity. The Packers against the Lions—the mere

*Continued*



Karras probably would have broken your nose if you'd called him a noseguard.



Nitschke is turned off by a game in which



linebackers are reduced to "doing sneaky things."



Deacon's foursome would be a threesome.

On plastic turf, Hornung would be Mr. Clean.





Brown complains that gaining 1,000 yards in a 16-game season "isn't even worth talking about."

## 'THE GAME NEEDS MORE HEROES, MORE GLADIATORS'

Jim Brown, the greatest running back in pro football history, is seated in the living room of his house high in the Hollywood Hills with his "lady" of the past three years, Kim Jones, a 22-year-old Cal State Northridge student, and their daughter, Kimberly, 21 months. Brown met Jones while roller skating near by Venice. Later, if the whim grabs them, they may tuck Kimberly into a backpack and roller skate several miles along the coast. That's unless Brown takes up an offer from Berry Gordy, founder of Motown records, who called to suggest a game of tennis. Or unless he feels like dropping in on his friend Richard Pryor (Brown was the executive producer of Pryor's concert film *Here and Now*). Or unless Hef asks him to take a dip in the Jacuzzi at the Playboy mansion. For the moment, however, Brown is more interested in talking about his NFL "comeback."

"I don't want my life here disturbed," says Brown, the NFL's all-time leading rusher with 12,312 yards. "I have more important things to worry about. I may not come back, but I will if people don't admit to the fraud that's being perpetrated."

Eighteen years after he retired from the NFL after more than 20 movies, including *The Dirty Dozen* and numerous TV roles, after one marriage that produced three children, and other relationships that produced "lots of babies," why does Jim Brown, at 47, *even think about making a comeback?* Twice weekly he co-hosts a live two-hour radio show from Las Vegas called *The Stardust Line*. His annual income is estimated at $250,000. So why has Brown challenged Pittsburgh's Franco Harris to a head-to-head 40-yard dash if and when Harris, who has gained 11,791 yards, overtakes his record? Why does Brown say he'll call Al Davis, the L.A. Raiders' managing general partner, "after they win the Super Bowl" and ask to join the team for the '84 season? Why is Brown, whose mustache is flecked with gray, into Nautilus workouts and drinking fruit juices? And just why has he felt a need to go public with his case?

Brown says it has to do with principles, a philosophy and a search for the truth. He retired just before the 1966 season—at his peak—having never missed a game in his nine-year career. He played a 12-game regular season from 1957 to '60 and a 14-game season from '61 to '65, averaging a league-record 5.22 yards a carry and 104.3 yards a game. In eight of his nine seasons he led the NFL in rushing. He prided himself on his 6' 2" 230-pound frame and often bragged about his 32-inch waist; his weight today is 235.

Harris, 33, who has missed only eight games in his 12-year career, has averaged 4.15 yards a carry and 72.33 yards a game during six 14-game seasons ('72-77), five 16-game seasons ('78-81, '83) and the nine-game '82 season. He hasn't had a run longer than 21 yards in more than two years.

"Gaining 1,000 yards in a 14-game season is like walking backwards," says Brown. "Gaining 1,000 yards in a 16-game season isn't even worth talking about. The standards today are lower, the conditions are easier and the expectations are less." He will concede this to Harris: "Franco is having a lovely performance in his twilight years." Then he gets in a jab: "If Franco hangs around long enough," Brown says, "and keeps running out of bounds, he'll get my record."

Brown blames sociological changes for wiping away the "passionate human spirit" with which he says he played the game. "Where are the heroes, the gladiators?" he asks. "We need more Jim Plunketts, Ted Hendrickses, Lyle Alzados, Jack Lamberts and John Rigginses. They are throwbacks to the old days. Today's heroes are insulated by their money. They're more worried about their women and their drugs. The Lady [cocaine] and the ladies go together. Cocaine is the prettiest lady of them all."

Brown calls the NFL today a big hoax. "Where has the danger in the game gone?" he asks. "I can't accept quarterbacks sliding and running backs running out of bounds. Ever since the merger in 1966 and the creation of the Super Bowl, the owners have been more *concerned with ratings than the level of the* game. Coaches put up with players waving into TV cameras, giving high fives and spiking the ball. That sells. The *Monday Night Football* broadcasters have become bigger than the game. Who is kidding whom?

"Who's to say a 47-year-old can't do it? I'm not talking about being Jim Brown of 1965. I'm talking about being Jim Brown of 1984. If Franco Harris is gonna creep to my record, I might as well come back and creep, too."

—JILL LIEBER

thought of that battle made you tingle. Alex Karras and Joe Schmidt laying it on Paul Hornung and Jim Taylor. Ray Nitschke and Dave Robinson and all the rest of those superstars. These days Robinson would be a designated blitzer. Schmidt and Nitschke would be situation linebackers, they'd come out on passing downs. Karras would be a noseguard. Hornung would be the single back in the one-back offense and Taylor would come in for short-yardage plays.

There used to be teams that would make you nervous just thinking about them. In their playoff run from '72 through '79 the Steelers were 50–1 against losers, against teams that finished under .500. Man, you needed some credentials, some pedigree papers, to play the Steelers in those days. Fifty and one! And when someone gave them a battle, the world tuned in. Well, yeah, they're 9–5 and leading their division this year, but they're shaky. Anyone can beat them on a good day. Detroit blew 'em away 45–3, two weeks ago.

Look at Sunday's lineup. Twenty-four clubs were still in contention for the playoffs. Saints-Patriots? Did that turn you on? How about Bears-Packers? You say you can't name three guys on the Bears, once you get by Walter Payton? What's the difference. They were contenders. Or how about Bills vs. Chiefs, or was it Chills vs. Beefs?

The league office likes the idea of a lot of contenders around for the final countdown. "The New York teams are down, so a lot of New Yorkers are turned off," Pete Rozelle said last week, two days before an NFL record 51,589 no-shows at the Giants-Cardinals game in the Meadowlands, "but you'll find plenty of enthusiasm around the rest of the league. Fans' enthusiasm generally rises and falls with the fortunes of their own teams. Attendance is off 2% from 1981, our record year, but we'll still finish in the top three, all-time."

You'll finish in the top three because there are more people in the U.S.A. every year, the stadiums keep getting larger and corporations can still write off season tickets as a business expense. As far as local interest—hey, once upon a time the NFL was universal. Everyone knew the Jets meant Joe Namath, the Bears were Dick Butkus and Gale Sayers, and when you saw a game in the Black and Blue Division you were going to see some hitting. That's what made the game so great. The guy in Kansas City knew about the Colts and the Rams. They had faces. Every week there was a game that turned you on. Now the pro football world marks time until this coming Sunday when Washington meets Dallas, the first big one since Dallas played the Raiders a month and a half ago.

Dallas-Washington is the only game I hear people talking about," CBS's John Madden says. "I think people will get interested in the playoffs once they start, but they don't seem interested in the road to the playoffs like they used to be."

I blame last year's tournament—that expanded playoff format the NFL used in the wake of the strike. The NFL keeps repeating, "It was only a one-year thing," but guys like Patriot owner Billy Sullivan wanted to continue it this year. The tournament cheapened the playoffs, reduced them to the NBA and NHL level, where everyone gets in. Sixteen teams out of 28 made it, losers made it—stiffs. After that, who could take the playoffs seriously, or the road to the playoffs?

And how can you get excited about a game in which the defensive backs and defensive linemen have no identity. Oh, sure, here and there you can recognize a Randy White or an Everson Walls, but there used to be lots of guys like that. Not now. The rules, plus the great corporate

continued



Today's anonymous NFL could use names such as Mad Dog (left) and Mean Joe (75).

game of "situation substitution," have made them faceless. Defensive linemen are sacrificial lambs, double-team absorbers, gap occupiers, so that the outside linebackers, who are probably the most gifted athletes in today's game, can strut their stuff. Sacks today come on stunts and blitzes. Walls stands out among the cornerbacks, but elsewhere they shine briefly and then dim. Guys like Herb Adderley used to go half a season without getting beaten deep, but now everyone's vulnerable to the picks and crisscrosses and no-bump rules. It makes for wilder football, but it's also rendering some positions virtually anonymous.

It's Monday night. We're watching the ABC game with the sound turned off. They break for a commercial, and all of a sudden my 11-year-old is yelling, "Turn it on! That's L.C." Sure enough, it's L.C. Greenwood doing a commercial (my boy is a heavy Steeler fan).

"Can you name the Steel Curtain defensive line?" I ask him.

"Sure," he says. "L.C. and Mean Joe and Mad Dog and, uh, and . . ."

"C'mon now," I say, "all four." Suddenly he shoots a fist into the air. "And Fats Holmes!" he yells.

"Right," I say. "Now name this year's defensive line."

Yeah, I know. It's cruel. It's unfair. Why should he be able to do what no adult east or west of McKeesport can do? "Goodman, Dunn and Beasley," I tell him. His look is as blank as if I'd said Rote, McKissack and Benners.



The NFL, not to mention the Midway, could certainly use a few monsters like Butkus (51).

Where have they gone? Defenses don't even have nicknames anymore. There's no more Steel Curtain, with Mean Joe and Fats, no more Fearsome Foursome with Rosey and Deacon and Merlin the Magician, no more Purple People Eaters or Doomsday Defense or Gold or Silver Rush. O.K., you say there's one—Miami's Killer Bees—but give me another. I dare you, just one more.

I can hear the snickers out there. What's wrong with Dr. Z? Put him out to pasture. Doesn't he know the game is different now? It's a speed game, it's played in space. It's a game of formations and motion, freeze frames and chalkboards. It's a game of situation substitutions. You move your pieces on the board, we move ours. Cerebral football played on synthetic grass.

It's corporate football and I think it's dull. I hear Woody Widenhofer, the Steelers' defensive coordinator, tell me, "We can use up to 20 different players on one series. Everybody makes a contribution. It's better than the old Steel Curtain defense," and I want to kill him. Makes a contribution? What is this, the March of Dimes?

"You watch defensive guys today, and you know they are making more money than you ever did, and they aren't playing the game as they should be," says Nitschke, the Hall of Fame middle linebacker on the Packers' glory teams of the '60s. "They don't know how to tackle. All they worry about is pass defense and blitzing and doing sneaky things."

The 49ers' inside linebacker, Jack Reynolds, says that people like Nitschke and Butkus would be "situation linebackers" today, run-stoppers, 40% players. I'm not so sure. Such ferocity would not be allowed to rest on the bench. Today they'd feed 'em a steady diet of steroids and weight training, bulk them up to 260 and play 'em at noseguard. *Noseguard*. The mere name makes me shudder. Sounds like a piece of equipment, which, in a sense, the noseguard is. The Humane Society ought to step in. Noseguards get double- and triple-teamed, and strangled and face-masked and chopped down by swerving and swooping tight ends and flankers.

In today's game everything is sacrificed for scoring, to bring you more of those 48–47 heart-stoppers. Well, maybe some people like all that scoring, the cheap touchdowns, but I don't think it's real football. Neither does Madden. "It's exciting," he says, "but it's not good. To me it's just lousy defense."

And here's another thing about those routinely cranked-out 300-yard passing games. They're making heroes out of so-so's. Everyone can do it. Going into last weekend the 10 top passing-yardage days belonged to nine different quarterbacks. And Dan Fouts wasn't one of them. Lynn Dickey was the only quarterback with a double entry. Of the 20 top pass-receiv-

*continued*


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ing performances in total number of catches, there was only one repeater, Tampa Bay's James Wilder, a running back. J.J. Jefferson's name wasn't on the list. Neither was James Lofton's.

Maybe the fans love all this, but the people at ABC are getting nervous about the way their ratings have nose-dived (see *box*). Last year's strike seems to have cut the underpinning out of the record TV ratings of '81, as well as the record attendance. CBS and NBC are off slightly, but the Monday night fans, the non-hard-core variety, aren't watching. ABC's ratings are the lowest they've been in the show's 14-year history. Too many blowouts, the network says. Not true. There were more runaways in '81. Only five games were close at halftime—seven points or less—that year. This year there were 11 close ones in the first 13 shows. ABC execs are complaining that the NFL handed them doggy teams. Well, what happened when unbeaten Miami met the unbeaten Raiders in Week 3? The rating was a miserable 15.9, third lowest of the year.

Another sign of apathy has been the press coverage this season. For the last year the breaking stories have involved drugs or contracts or the other league or the strike or the Raiders vs. NFL lawsuit. The football fan who wants football has been getting blitzed. The biggest story this season has been Brown's talk of a comeback. The second biggest has been Donald Trump, the real-estate guy who owns the New Jersey Generals, and all the people he was going to sign—Marc Wilson, Don Shula, Brian Sipe. The guy was getting a million dollars of free publicity without spending a dime. He was even able to puff his Trump Tower with all that nonsense about how Shula wouldn't come unless he got a fancy pad, and the press ran it straight.

Meanwhile, what would normally have been big stories were buried. The Hail Mary pass that Atlanta used to beat San Francisco with three weeks ago succeeded because of a bad call. One ref indicated Billy Johnson was down on the one, then another ref came in from left-field to call touchdown. This should have been a good national story. It barely got out of San Francisco. Dallas beat Tampa Bay in overtime, and the Cowboys' TD that tied it at the end of regulation time, Timmy Newsome's 52-yard run, resulted from a bad call. Newsome stepped on the sideline on the 25. Yes, he did. Left foot, squish! I never saw this written.

O.K., here are my solutions: First, the press coverage. Have a special Turmoil Page, near the sports section but not part of it. Put your medical writer on the drug stories, your legal expert on court cases, your labor writer on strike stuff and your real-estate editor on Donald Trump. Give us sports on the sports pages.

Second, the playing of the game. Limit substitutions to three per team per series, both offensively and defensively. O.K., Woody, stop screaming. This will make people people again, instead of just numbers. Let the defensive lineman play football. Outlaw the offensive lineman's use of his hands above opponents' shoulders, or rather crack down on it. Stranglers need not apply. Outlaw any chop block or cut block from the side. If someone wants to cut the noseguard, or any other defensive lineman, he can do it only if he's playing him head-up. Clipping is illegal everywhere else on the field. Why should it be allowed on the line?

Third, the great gray mass. A tough one. You can't reverse parity. You can't outlaw the draft or tell teams to abandon their scouting operations. But maybe, just maybe, if the playoffs have impact once again now that they're back to their 10-team size, if the players have an identity, if defense is allowed to truly defend, it'll be a little more meaningful to have a 7–6 record and a shot at the playoffs. At least it would be a start. And who knows, the fans might even like it. END

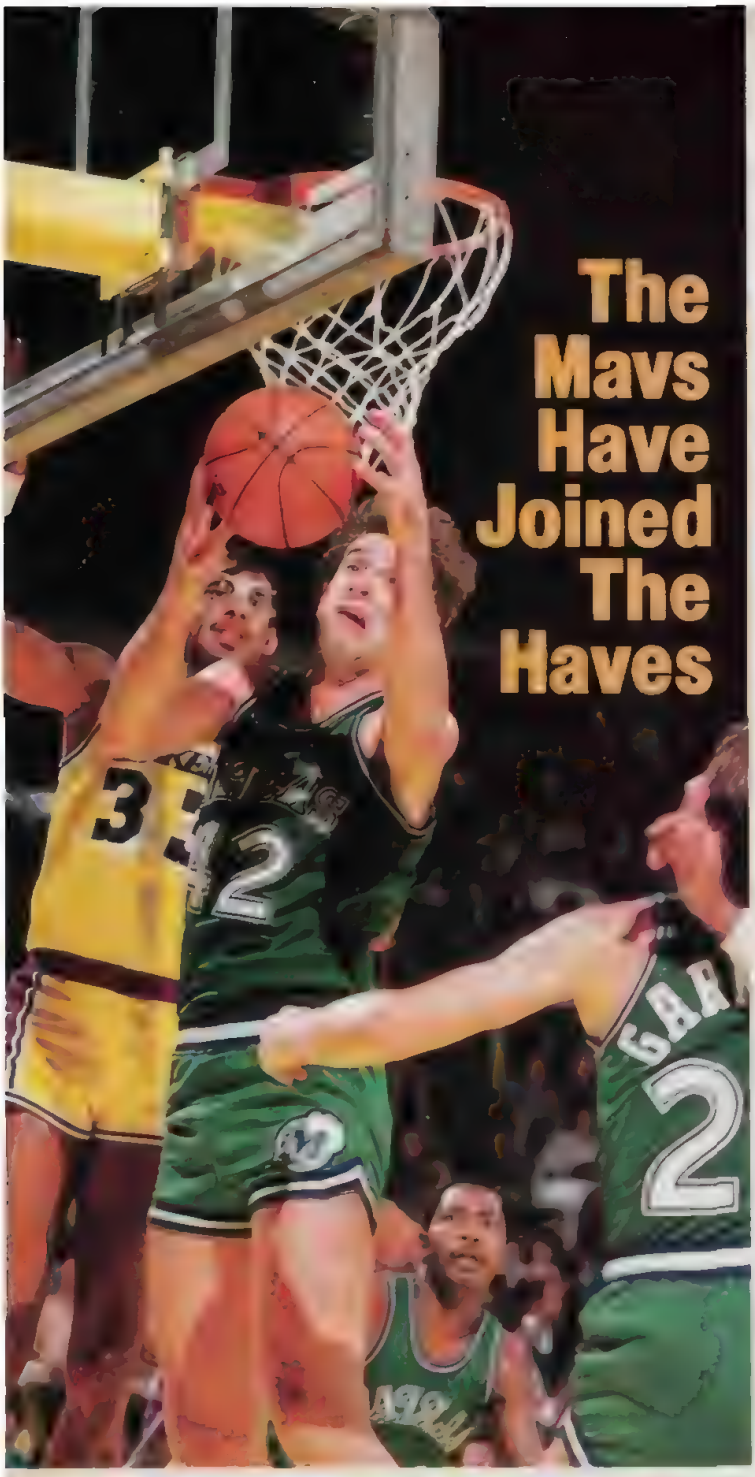
**IF NUMBERS DON'T LIE, THE GAME'S A TURN-OFF**

*A comparison through November of the NFL's Nielsen ratings on the three major TV networks the past three seasons (in 1982 this involved only four weeks of telecasting because of the players' strike).*

| | 1981 | 1982 | 1983 | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| CBS | 16.9 | 16.8 | 16.2 | (down | 4.1% | from | '81, | 3.6% | from '82) |
| NBC | 13.1 | 12.3 | 11.9 | (down | 9.2% | from | '81 | 3.3% | from '82) |
| ABC | 21.6 | 20.6 | 17.5 | (down | 19% | from | '81, | 15% | from '82) |



In days of yore, the Jets were Joe Willie Namath, not just another 7–7 NFL team.



# The Mavs Have Joined The Haves

NBA have-nots in their first three years, the Dallas Mavericks have made a leap to the top of the heap

by **ANTHONY COTTON**

Every team in sports that made it big can pinpoint a pivotal event that set the team on its championship course. For the Miracle Mets of 1969, it was a two-game September sweep of the first-place Chicago Cubs. For the Pittsburgh Steeler dynasty-to-be, it was Franco Harris' Immaculate Reception against the Oakland Raiders in the 1972 playoffs. For the New York Islanders, it was the decision to play Billy Smith—and no one else—in goal when the Stanley Cup was on the line in 1980.

Well, if big things are in store for the Dallas Mavericks, the turning point may well have come last Friday night in the Los Angeles Forum.

The upstart Mavericks had won six games in a row, but now, and on the road, they faced the formidable Lakers, the NBA champions in two of the past four seasons. Dallas raced to a 16-point lead in the second quarter, but L.A. rallied to go ahead 101–100 at the end of the third quarter. None of the assembled 16,044 would have been surprised if the Lakers had roared away to a lopsided win.

But Earvin Johnson, the L.A. 6′ 9″ All-NBA guard, went out with a dislocated finger at 5:42 of the fourth quarter, and the magic was gone. The Lakers came unglued and the Mavericks came together, shooting 12 for 21 in the last period to pull away for a 133–118 victory. The Forum was strangely quiet.

The next night in Dallas, the Mavericks romped to their eighth straight victory, routinely (they're 11–0 at home) putting away the Chicago Bulls 110–100 as Forward Mark Aguirre, who had scored 42 points in L.A., added another 32. And so the Mavs ran their record to 13–4, and their Midwest Division lead to

Though Cummings is not a true center like Kareem (33), he holds his own in the middle.




3½ games over Denver. Even more impressive is that they're only a half game behind the champion 76ers in the overall standings. "If they ended the season now, I'd be delighted," said Dallas Coach Dick Motta.

Before the season, no one, including Motta, would have dreamed that the Mavericks would beat the Western Conference elite—the Lakers, the Phoenix Suns and the San Antonio Spurs—twice apiece in their first 16 games of the season. "When I looked at our early-season schedule, there was no way I saw us near .500," says Motta. "Now I think we should have had one more win [he was referring to a 100–98 loss to Houston just prior to the start of the winning streak]. I don't expect not to lose anymore, but I think this team is capable of continuing to win."

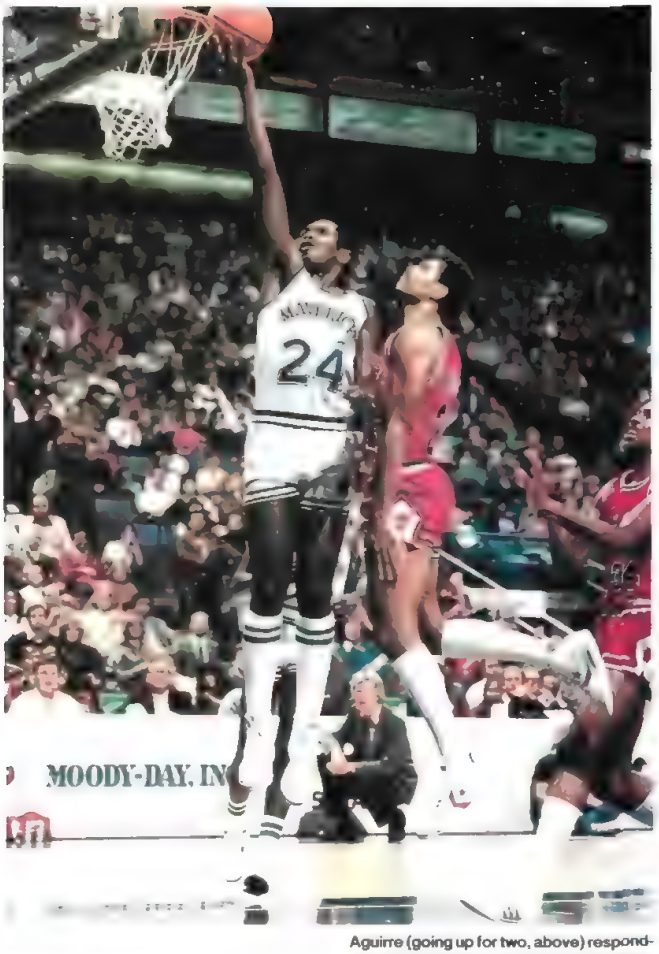
The Mavs definitely have learned how to cope with considerable adversity. Last year Dallas won only one of 31 games in which it trailed going into the fourth quarter. The Mavericks have won four of eight such games already this year, including their L.A. caper.

After going 15–67 in 1980-81, their inaugural season, the Mavericks improved to 28–54 in '81-82 and 38–44 last season. They did so with one of the youngest teams in the league and without a "true" center. Actually, they still don't have a "true" center; 6′ 9″ Pat Cummings, who has manned the position since being acquired from Milwaukee before the 1982-83 season, is more of a "big forward" than anything else. "People can say what they want about our supposed lack of a center," says Cummings. "The way I see it, we're 13–4, so something good has to be happening."

Much of that good has resulted from the fact that Dallas now has a little depth. By starting guards Brad Davis and Rolando Blackman, Cummings and forwards Aguirre and Bill Garnett, Motta has the luxury of using Forward Jay Vincent—Dallas' leading scorer two seasons

*continued*

**Given a starting job, Garnett jumped at the chance to play a blue-collar role at forward.**




Aguirre (going up for two, above) responded well to Motta's constant badgering.



ago—as a sixth man. After missing five games early in the season with a torn right calf muscle, Vincent returned to find Garnett in his starting position. Jay was not overjoyed, but Garnett has filled the role popularized by the Lakers' Kurt Rambis and the Sixers' Mark Iavaroni—the blue-collar power forward who doesn't mind sacrificing stats for the good of the team. "I just think I'm a better player as a starter," says Vincent, who is averaging 11.4 ppg (down from 18.7 last season) in 22.9 minutes per game (down from 33.7). "I can recall a couple of seasons ago when Larry Bird was hurt and the Boston Celtics won 15 straight games without him. But when he was ready they put him back in the lineup."

The Mavericks have improved faster than just about any expansion team in any sport, and have done so by avoiding the expansionist's pitfall: the quick fix.

"The year before we came into the league [Vice-President and General Manager] Norm Sonju and I did a study of all the NBA expansion teams," says Rick Sund, Dallas' player personnel director. "If there was a common denominator it was that they all lost, meaning they subsequently got the first pick in the next draft. That was going to happen with us whether we won 10 games or 22. But in order to help our improvement along, we decided in that first year to trade anyone we could for first-round picks."

During the 1980-81 season Dallas dealt Mike Bratz, Jerome Whitehead, Richard Washington, Kiki Vandeweghe (its unsigned No. 1 choice) and Geoff Huston in return for five first-round picks. As of now, Dallas has five first-round and four second-round choices over the next two drafts, including Cleveland's No. 1 pick for the next *three*. It's easy to see why the Mavericks may soon be creating locker space for the likes of Michael Jordan, Patrick Ewing and Akeem Olajuwon.

If and when those blue chips come aboard, Motta will be in a position to capitalize on his labors of the past couple of seasons, in which he probably did as fine a job of coaching as in his 50-victory seasons with the Chicago Bulls and with the Washington Bullets, NBA champions under Motta in 1977-78.

There was established talent up and down the rosters of both those teams. In Dallas, says Motta, "There wasn't any sort of role model whatsoever. Think about it. When we started out we had people like an immobile Tom LaGarde and Brad Davis," who had struggled throughout his NBA career. Davis was cut by the Lakers, toured around the Continental Basketball Association and now stands as the leading example of Motta's various reclamation projects.



*continued*

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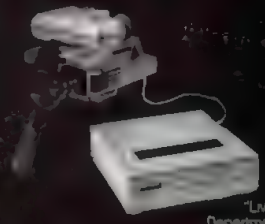
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When Davis is in the driver's seat, the Dallas offense operates on all of its cylinders.

Says Motta, "I was a real bitch. If those guys came a minute late to practice, they paid the full fine, no excuses. When it was time to leave, if they were five feet away from the bus I closed the door."

No Maverick, perhaps no one in the NBA, has been ridden so hard as Aguirre has been by Motta. The first pick in the 1981-82 draft, Aguirre came to Dallas out of DePaul with a reputation as a great talent but perhaps an even greater pain in the neck. To some extent, both the rep and the rap were borne out in his rookie season when a somewhat pudgy Aguirre averaged 18.7 points per game, all the while checking in and out of Motta's doghouse.

There were times when it seemed that Aguirre didn't care about his performance, either on the floor, where his pained facial expressions were sometimes construed as show-offish, or off the court, where he was just as likely to miss a personal appearance as make it.

"I thought that one of us would die before the season was through," says Motta. "I wondered if he'd ever grow up. More than once I convinced myself that we had drafted a loser, that he wouldn't make it with us. Now I know that Mark's a good kid. All it was was immaturity." Motta decided to crack down even harder on Aguirre last season. "I told him things you wouldn't say to a dog," says Motta.

In a November 1982 game against San Antonio, for example, reserve Forward Allan Bristow took exception to the lackadaisical manner in which Aguirre replaced him in the lineup. Motta upbraided Aguirre and Bristow for a full 30 seconds. Five months later, things hadn't changed. Against Milwaukee during the final seconds of a close game in which he had scored 35 points, Aguirre made the mistake of fouling the Bucks' Sidney Moncrief instead of Alton Lister, a poorer free-throw shooter. After Moncrief hit a pair to give the Bucks a cushion in an eventual 108–102 win, Motta chewed Aguirre out unmercifully.

To his credit, Aguirre took all the criticism in stride. "It was either that or be mediocre throughout my career, maybe even falling by the wayside," Aguirre says. "Things were tough, but I decided not to question anything Coach said or did, that everything that happened had to be for the better."

Things have gotten so much better this season that Motta says he has yet to raise his voice to Aguirre. Mark is averaging 28.7 points (third in the league) and 7.2 rebounds per game, and his glittering performances last week—39 points and seven rebounds against Houston, 42 points and seven rebounds against the Lakers and 32 points and seven rebounds against the Bulls—have become fairly commonplace.

"I don't really feel that I'm any different than in the past," says Aguirre. "Maybe I'm just more ready to handle and accept things. It takes a while to fit into the NBA and this system. I guess right now I just know what to do and when to do it. I'm in the flow."

And those picks are there, which means Dallas' destiny is darling. END




Vincent, once Dallas' top scorer, isn't having a ball as a sub.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER READ MILLER

**Sacks, once Youngblood's forte, are harder for him to come by in L.A.'s new defense.**

# Blood's Young No More

Defensive End Jack Youngblood of the Rams, a 13-year vet, is out of sync with his game and his life

by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

Jack Youngblood is standing in the rain, and all around him is chaos. Things are not working out right. The scene is the Orange Bowl, late on a Sunday afternoon, and the Miami Dolphins are kicking the butts of the Los Angeles Rams. Youngblood's left leg hurts, and so do his left shoulder and left elbow. He has these little nicks and cuts and cleat marks up and down his arms, and his uniform is covered with grass stains and slop. But what really ticks him off is that the coaches have yanked him: Blood, a 13-year veteran, the heart, soul and guts of the Rams, is now standing on the sidelines.

"When I come to play, I come to play," Youngblood likes to say. "Either it's good enough to play whistle to whistle, or it's not. I condition myself for that and take pride in it."

And so while his replacement, Gary Jeter, who's five years younger and 20 pounds of muscle heavier, is out there anchoring the left side of the defensive line,

*continued*



**Youngblood is facing weighty decisions off the field, and a new life-style on it.**

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# Ford Mustang SVO



Youngblood can find solace in the weight room, where he more than holds his own.

Jack Youngblood is in danger of becoming a discontinued model. He's almost like a Congressman who is confronted by redistricting. Youngblood, a strong candidate for the Hall of Fame, now must contend with the vagaries of the new L.A. defense—the 3-4, the fortification currently in vogue in the NFL. The 3-4 favors massive linemen who can occupy a lot of space. Mobility, Youngblood's trademark, is not that important because in the 3-4 it's the linebackers who make the kill.

Youngblood also seems out of place off the field. He has always stuck out a bit in Los Angeles, the land of fake-believe. Twiggy, the Broadway actress, recently analyzed life in the gaudy lane this way: "They lie to you all the time in L.A. It's nothing but youth, beauty, money, power—all the rotten things." But Youngblood hasn't changed since he came out of Monticello, Fla., a tiny town some 30 miles outside Tallahassee in an area where a red neck is manual labor's purple heart. His speech is still Southern, riddled with "goldurns" and "dangs," and his sandy hair hangs down over his eyes.

*continued*

***JACK YOUNGBLOOD*** *continued*

Youngblood has his hands on his hips, looking as if he would like to bite off somebody's head.

After L.A.'s second defeat in two weeks, Youngblood showers and brushes the chewing tobacco out of his teeth. He walks stiffly to his locker, trying to find a gait that suits an old pro's aches and pains, and throws some stuff into a weathered, beat-up equipment bag. Nobody says anything to him. The bag is almost as old as some NFL players. Youngblood is a tad shy of 34. He has been playing football for close to 20 years, and most of the time it has been a mismatch, with him the underdog against bigger men. But he has won a lot more than he has lost. A lot more.

"Jack's kind of the Pete Rose of football," says Mike Barber, a Ram tight end. "He's the first one in the locker room and the last to leave every day. All you've got to do is look at him to see what football means, that it's his life. He's an inspiration to everybody."

Youngblood is a throwback to the old days when football flew by the seat of its pants. He has not missed a game since joining the Rams in 1971, and he has started every one since '73. He has been the club's Most Valuable Player three times, All-National Football Conference six times, and he has played in seven Pro Bowls. Once he played 2½ games on a broken leg.

Youngblood is 6' 4" and 240 pounds, and when he gets a hard look on his face, people turn and walk the other way if they're smart. Once during a dispute in Logan, Utah, a man stuck a loaded gun in Jack's eye and pulled the trigger. But the gun did not fire. Youngblood took it away, knocked the man to the ground and walked off.

Now, in the Orange Bowl visitors' locker room, Youngblood looks up from his seat. Thirteen years, and this had been the first time he'd come out for a younger man. His face is impassive, save for his eyes. "You'll see a lot of hard work this next week," he says.



Next to Youngblood, Ram Quarterback Vince Ferragamo looks like a 90-pound weakling.

making him look like some big, rawboned kid who likes nothing better than being out in a frost-covered field with a shotgun on his shoulder and dogs at his feet. He drives a Ford truck with a souvenir license plate that says PROUD AMERICAN. He wears boots, a big cowboy belt buckle and Western shirts. Recently, he had to ask a friend what *nouvelle cuisine* meant.

Long before the Rams moved there, Youngblood settled in Orange County, which has a reputation for conservatism. His home is in Orange Park Acres, an area that sits on the side of a hill. It's horse country, and Jack's house looks something like a big red barn. A speedboat sits in the driveway, and inside the kitchen door there's a plaque that says: THE OLDER THE BERRY, THE SWEETER THE JUICE.

The house is decorated as if it were a rural country home, with mounted fish and stuffed ducks and other wildlife throughout. Except for the living room. That is California contemporary and looks virtually unlived-in. "That's her room," Youngblood will say, referring to his wife, Diane.

She also has three cats. Jack doesn't like cats. "They don't do anything," he says. When he first meets someone, that is what he wants to know. Do they do anything? Or are they worthless, like a cat.

Big, strong and handsome, that's Youngblood, and that once defined the ideal of the American male. Now football players hold hands in the huddle, and they do aerobic dancing. If he watched soap operas, Youngblood would not see his type playing the good guy these days. It's as if someone has called an audible on the emotional line of scrimmage, and Youngblood has been caught in the wrong stance.

Jack and Diane were college sweethearts at the University of Florida. She is from Lake City, Fla., a town that closes up early. But unlike Jack, she has changed. She has her own business: a stationery store in Costa Mesa. She also does interior decorating. She takes French lessons, jogs, plays racquetball, does aerobics, works out on Nautilus machines and dabbles at painting.

She and Jack were split up, on and off, for most of '83 but have been together for the last month. He was in the house by himself, eating off paper plates.

The problems with his marriage pained Youngblood greatly. "It was losing, and I don't like that," he says. "I'm not used to it. Everything I ever touched always turned to gold. But the pressures of the game can affect a relationship. The whole attitude about winning and losing changes your perspective. Success breeds success. Confidence begets confidence. And the results can change the way you look at yourself. The last two years, when the team was losing, literally made me question my ability, question my intellect."

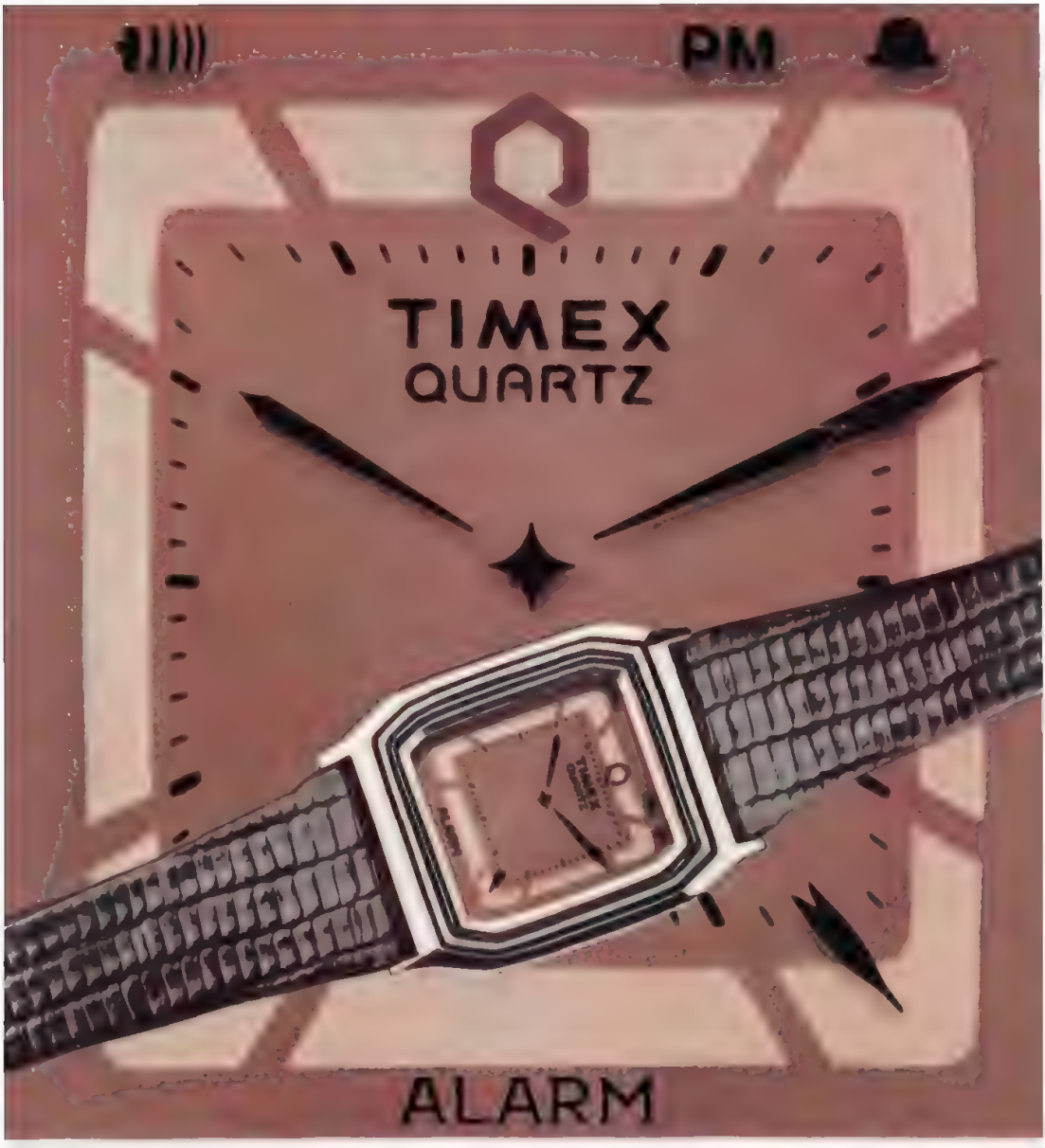


Youngblood's Orange County spread has something of the atmosphere of his Monticello, Fla. hometown.

Good or bad, there aren't many male bastions left. One of them is the weight room of a pro football team. The Rams' weight room has mirrors on all four walls, and most players working out there keep their shirts off, the better to gauge the "pump"—that surge of blood through the veins during a routine. This is where Youngblood can find solace. During the season he almost never misses a day of weightlifting. Often he is the only Ram there. He likes nothing better than to put some Willie Nelson on the stereo, pop some chewing tobacco in his mouth and pump some iron.

Youngblood looks older than his years. His face is craggy. The average career of a pro player is only 4½ years. So Jack is three generations removed from the rookies, the "young 'uns" he calls them. Lately he has taken to reminiscing. When he was younger, he ran with a group of teammates. They got into a lot of "attitude readjustment," which is Youngblood's term for serious drinking. Says Jack, "The crazy thing is that we could be off the wall and still have the physical ability to go out and perform above and beyond anybody else." On

*continued*




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one of his outings while preparing for a Pro Bowl in Hawaii, Youngblood ended up on stage, cavorting with a dancer who was part of Don Ho's act. She thought it would be funny to pull his pants down. What she, and everyone else in the bar, discovered was that Youngblood wasn't wearing underwear.

He remembers breaking into pro football, thrilled with a $21,000 salary. Deacon Jones, his idol, had hurt his foot, and Youngblood, a rookie and a rube, filled the void. One thing sticks out in his mind: Baltimore's Johnny Unitas handing off to Tom Matte down near the goal line, and Unitas yelling, no, commanding, "Hit that hole!" The old guys had a basic tenet: Don't let anyone down.

Now Youngblood is a man among






Olsen has a real grasp on the problems besetting Youngblood, a celebrity roasted by his peers and sought out for his signature.

boys; it is harder and harder for him to find any common ground with his teammates. "I'm not in contact with 'em," he says. "That's kind of a sad thing to say, being the senior citizen of this operation."

Youngblood discovered weightlifting in college, and for thousands of hours he has pitted his will against the iron. Basically, he is a man of medium build, with a long, lean torso, but the weights have stacked on about 40 pounds of pure muscle. It looks as if there are balloons under his skin.

Youngblood says that the three toughest men he ever faced were the Cardinals' Dan Dierdorf, the Cowboys' Rayfield Wright and the Vikings' Ron Yary. "Now these young 'uns are coming out like clones," he mutters. "They're just stamping 'em out. You don't even have to look at their stats: six-six, 280 pounds, 34-inch waist, 52-inch chest. Bench-press the world."

He stares across the room at Kent Hill, a 26-year-old Ram guard who appears to be sculpted from granite. Youngblood's voice picks up force. "If I was *that* young," he booms, "and had *that* body, I'd walk in the valley and *fear no one*." Hill looks as if someone had just patted him on the head. Then Youngblood adds, "Your body . . . and my looks." Hill turns toward a mirror, and smooths his hair. "You don't want to ruin this body with your face," he says.

For all the kidding, Youngblood's body is something of a marvel. He has never failed to answer the bell. Thirteen years, 185 straight games. The club trainer, Gary Tuthill, claims that Youngblood does not have a high threshold of pain—he has no threshold at all. Sometimes the other players worry about him. Earlier this season Youngblood was kicked in the leg and an infection set in. There was talk about putting him in the hospital, but he kept practicing. A few of the players noticed that there was an angry red line running up his leg. "You should take care of that," Jackie Slater, the tackle who lines up opposite Youngblood in practice, told him one day. "That line goes to your heart, it'll kill you."

There is a tendency to assume that the reason Youngblood has never missed a game is that he has never been hurt. Not true. He has never been hurt badly, by his estimation, but he's all but crippled. His left shoulder has troubled him for years, the result of a damaged nerve from a collision "with a young Calvin Hill." His fingers are gnarled and misshapen. And evidence of arthritis is starting to show from the battering taken by his shoulders, elbows, knees and ankles.

Two years ago, prior to the '81 season, he was scared for the first time. He was

*continued*

rushed to the hospital after a doctor's examination revealed a blood clot under his arm. "We believe that we're invincible," Youngblood says. "It was a deal where the bone wasn't stickin' out, and it didn't hurt, and they said it was gonna kill me. I said, 'Now wait a minute.' Then when they ordered up the operating room, I thought, 'Well, maybe they are serious.'" The doctors, after removing a blood clot the size of a hot dog, said there was a chance he would not play again. Those who knew him scoffed at that. "Remember '79," they said.

It was in the '79 playoffs that Youngblood played those two-plus games on the broken leg. Not only the games, but he practiced every day. He was injured against Dallas when he fell over Wright. "It felt like I'd been shot," Youngblood says. "I knew it was broken." At halftime the doctors and coaches were huddling over some X rays. Youngblood hobbled up to them, his chin out, defiant as ever. "I don't care what those X rays say," he cracked. "You tape it up, because *I'm gonna finish this game*." He got one sack in the second half and played in the NFC championship game the next week and the Super Bowl against the Steelers two weeks after that.

For Youngblood this is what it all comes down to. You either play or you don't. But the important thing is that *you* make the decision. When it's time for the party to be over, it's you who decides to turn out the lights. Not some doctor. Not some sportswriter. Not some coach. And surely not some young 'un.

Youngblood is a celebrity in a town that adores and venerates them. Women in particular are drawn to him. One got into his truck in the Rams' parking lot and refused to leave. Others have followed him when he drove away from practice. Some have shown up at his home. Often when he's in a restaurant, a woman will come over to his table. Youngblood always asks to see her left hand. If she is married, he is courteous and pleasant but definitely reserved; he doesn't want a jealous husband interrupting his dessert. If she is single, he might banter a bit. He knows if he can make her blush, she'll go away happy.

It always comes as a surprise to those who see Youngblood as the old-fashioned image of masculinity to discover what a dominant force women have been in his life. His mother, Kay, was widowed when he was 10, so he and his two younger sisters were raised without a father. The owner of his football team is a woman: Georgia Frontiere. And he and his wife were seeing a female marriage counselor about their marital problems. "Women," Youngblood occasionally blurts out in the weight room, "I'm givin' 'em up."

Fifteen years ago, when his conservative values conflicted with the hippie tenets of his generation, Youngblood, then a sophomore at Florida, reacted by climbing into a police car in Gainesville, Fla. and going out to battle some demonstrators who were marching in the town. Now he is out of step with his surroundings once more. To him the West Coast crowd, with its emphasis on the material, does not have old or new values so much as no values at all.

"These people are sick," Youngblood says. "They really are. Everybody lives in the fast lane out here. They have to work so hard just to make ends meet. It's a vicious circle. They make more money so they buy a bigger house and a bigger car. Then they got to make more money to pay the bills. It never ends."

Every year, within days of the season's last game, Youngblood is back in Monticello, fishing and hunting. He has a 260-acre ranch there and raises cattle and soybeans, but what he likes most is the camaraderie. The only complaint from the local folks is that he borrows their Red Man and never repays them. He's still the same ingenuous kid who painted his name on the town water tower and then wondered the next day how the sheriff figured out he was the culprit.

These days it's tough to find a spot where Youngblood can feel as comfortable as he does back home. Dad gum, even pro football has sold out, changing its rules so the offense can run up the score. Says Diane Youngblood, "What he still loves are the basic things he grew up with."

Diane has put Florida behind her. But then, she didn't have a pro football locker room to go to every day. Football is her husband's life. "If Jack puts his mind to something, if he makes a commitment, he puts his whole heart into it," says Diane. "Sometimes, the other things around him suffer—like me."

Merlin Olsen, who played 208 games with the Rams before he retired in 1976, says of Youngblood, "Jack's still a little boy in a lot of ways. But professional football is the kind of place where there's all kinds of encouragement not to grow up. For an athlete to make the kind of commitment Jack has made, it alters his life. It's difficult for a wife to understand how he can pour out all that emotion on



For Diane, happiness is having her own stationery store.



Life without football would be empty for Youngblood, always the last to head home.

the field, and then be insensitive to her needs. But if you're *really* going to be good, or, like Jack, great, you have to do it that way. You can't cheat on the emotional side."

After the debacle in Miami, the Rams prepared to play Chicago the following week. Publicly, the Ram coaches were saying Youngblood's job was secure. Privately, they were making plans to use Jeter more against the Bears. Before Coach John Robinson arrived this year with his three-man line, Youngblood simply took off after the quarterback, but now he must stand off his man, occupy him, allowing the linebackers to make the tackles. It's as if he has become a security guard without a gun. He has the uniform but no real power.

"Jack used to be able to get 16 sacks a year," says his best friend, former L.A. Defensive Tackle Larry Brooks, now a Ram defensive line coach. "This season he'll be lucky if he gets 10. [He had 7½ through last Sunday's 13-9 loss to Philadelphia.] He's learning to play football all over again. The way he played before is not acceptable. But he's survivin'. Pretty good, too."

At odds with his environment, at a crossroads of his career as well as his marriage, Youngblood reacted the way he knew best. At practice he worked until he poured sweat. By Saturday he was still at it. The locker room was long deserted, save for Youngblood. By his locker were a couple of film canisters. He had been studying the Bears.

The next day, Youngblood had a great afternoon against Chicago. The Rams won 21-14, and Youngblood was a prominent figure, recording a sack but, more important, standing his ground, defending rather than attacking. In the dressing room the writers, as always, crowded around him. Robinson walked up. "Nice job, Jack," he said. Youngblood looked about 10 years younger. He told the writers, "It's always nice to hear your boss man say you did a nice job."

Over to the side, Guard Dennis Harrah was talking about the team's old man. "To me, he's the epitome of what a professional football player is all about," Harrah said. "He's the hardest-working guy on the team, probably in the NFL. He's an outstanding person and a natural leader. He truly is Number One. He could be called Mr. Football."

After dressing, Youngblood walked out of the locker room, the last to leave, as always. Upstairs the Rams were having a postgame party, and Diane was waiting for him. It would be the first time he had seen her in over a week. Walking through the empty tunnels of Anaheim Stadium, Youngblood admitted that he had felt a lot of pressure going into the Bears game. If he had played poorly, his position might have been up for grabs. It was another challenge, met and won.

Upstairs, he walked into the party and spotted Diane. The first thing she said was that she had stopped by the house earlier that day and noticed that the yard was a mess and that one of his dogs, Jet, looked like he needed a bath.

In the ensuing days the Rams coaching staff made a decision. Jeter would be used to spell Nose Tackle Charles DeJurnett. Youngblood had proved he could handle the 3-4. The Rams split their next four games and are now tied with the San Francisco 49ers for first place in the NFC's Western Division.

For her part, Diane Youngblood was reassessing her marriage. A friend whose husband had also played pro football told her, "You never have them for yourself when they're playing. Football gives them all of what they need. You have to wait until they quit to find out that they need you." Last month Diane decided to move back into the house. "We've tried being apart," she said. "It's better to be together." END

# 'Do You Know Who I Am?'



Chandler is unbeaten in seven defenses, but he's a loser when it comes to recognition.

Jeff Chandler, noted Groucho Marx look-alike, is the first bantamweight champion from the U.S. since 1950

by **FRANZ LIDZ**

Joltin' Jeff Chandler rolls a red-hot cherry gumdrop around in his mouth and tries to think big. He has been the WBA bantamweight (118 pounds) champ for 2½ years, and in a few hours on this day last July he'll move up temporarily to the super bantamweight (122-pound) division. For now, he's watching a monster movie in his Atlantic City hotel room. The monster on the screen grows larger and larger. Chandler gets inspired. "When the lizard guy came out of the jelly, he was the size of one of my toes!" Chandler says. "Now they're sending planes, tanks, helicopters at him, but he just smacks everything out of the sky and throws big pieces of wall at them. Wow." "Wow" is the operative word in Chandler's vocabulary.

By the time he gets to the weigh-in, he thinks he's the Creature From the Black Lagoon. Forget about his opponent, Hector Cortez, a 33-year-old from Ecuador. Chandler is ready to take on the 101st Airborne.

"I am the Lizard Guy," he shouts. Chandler pounds on his chest like Tarzan of the Weightwatchers. He puffs, snorts and stares down Cortez like a freeze-dried Muhammad Ali. He's got the errant charm of a guy in the 56th minute of a happy hour.

"Cut it out, Becky, I mean Jeff," says Russell Peltz, the promoter. "Becky?" the Lizard Guy says incredulously. "The man calls me Becky? Aw, shucks!"

Becky is Chandler's pigtailed manager, "K.O. Becky" O'Neill. A lot of people think she's a midget. "I ain't a midget," she explains in a voice that sounds like a pair of mating cheese graters. "I'm a Jewish pixie. Midgets are three-foot-five. I'm four-foot-eight."

Chandler, who's 5′ 7″, feints and shadowboxes in the direction of his 5′ 9″ foe. "Lemme at him," he roars as Becky does her best to restrain him.

"That's enough of these antics," says

*continued*

For detail.



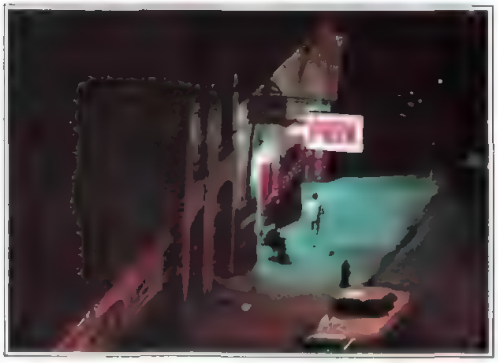
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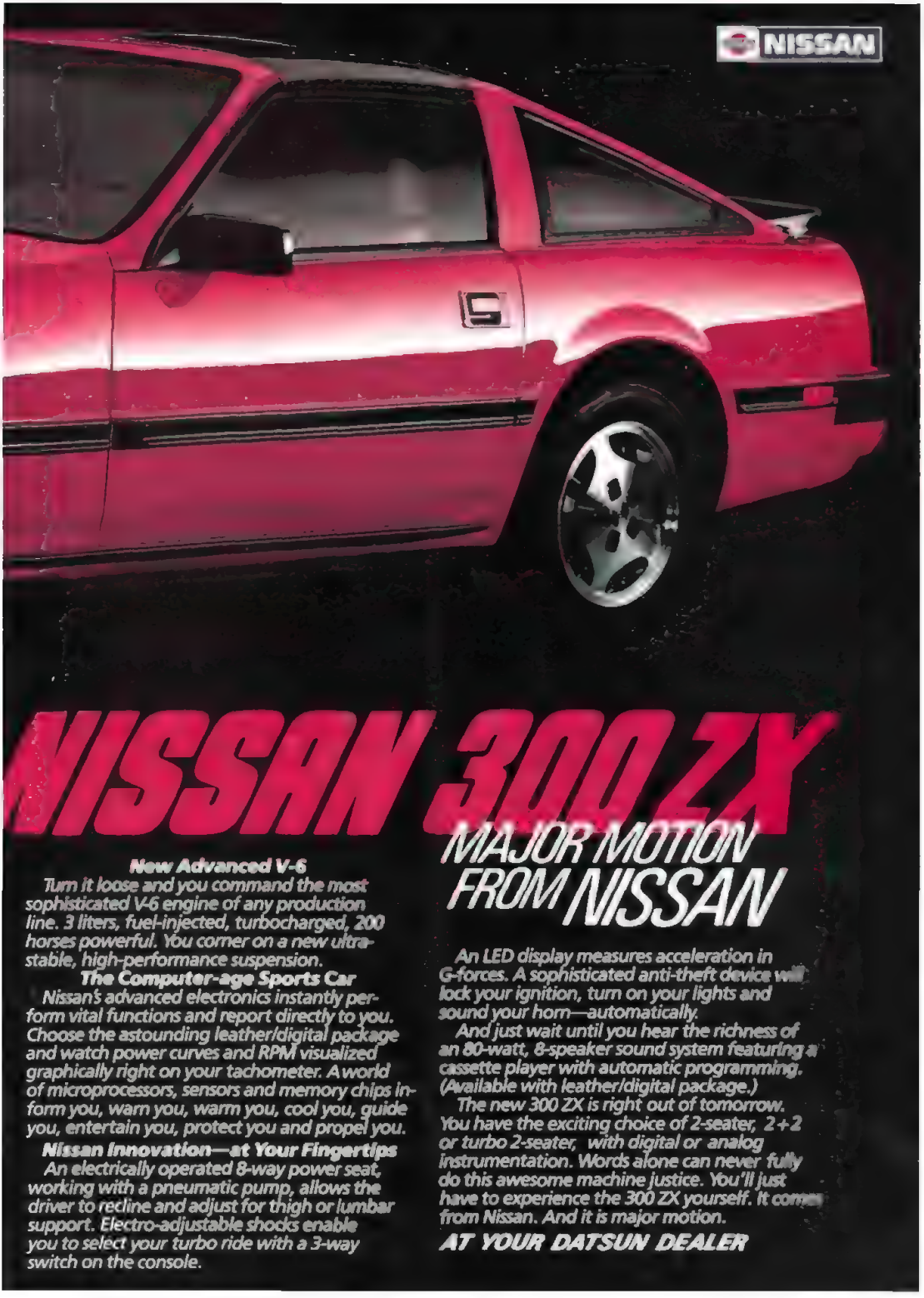
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In a non-title bout with Muniz in July, Chandler, who had hardly trained, drew first blood.

***JEFF CHANDLER** continued*

Roy Johnson, the New Jersey deputy boxing commissioner. "Jeff, you're a champ. Act like one. If you don't, I'm gonna cut 10 percent off your purse."

The Lizard Guy looks ready to hide under a rock. "Wow!" he whispers to K.O. "I'm a big fighter, and he wants me to be a quiet little boy. If I was Ali. . . ."

"You're not," says his trainer, K.O.'s husband, Willie O'Neill.

Chandler bites hard on his lip. But soon he returns to the psych-out routine. "Gonna take Cortez' *eyes* out," he says, less forcefully. Chandler wants to find out how Cortez is holding up.

"Cortez is used to fighting big guys," Peltz reports back. "He asked me, 'What's with the shrimp?' "

That's the problem with being bantamweight champ. You don't get no respect. Chandler, 27, is the first American to hold the title since California's Manuel Ortiz in 1950. Latins and Orientals dominate the division, and the WBA keeps threatening to strip Chandler of his title unless he fights second-raters from Seoul to San Salvador.

Chandler has beaten Eijiro Murata of Japan three times in mandatory defenses, twice in the same year. He had to fight the unheralded Miguel Iriate of Panama, and he taunted and teased and tormented Iriate before taking him out in the ninth round. "They put me in the ring with nobodies," Chandler says. "Iriate was a clown, so I did the clowning." Chandler feigned wooziness, threw mock bolo punches and tottered around. "The WBA embarrassed me," he says, "so I embarrassed them."

For some unfathomable reason the three networks, which this year have televised 76 fights in all divisions, have virtually ignored this exciting American champion. The Cortez fight, which Chandler easily won by a decision, was televised by NBC. But only four of Chandler's seven title defenses have been shown on national TV, and his biggest purse has been $200,000, lizard feed compared to what a lot of pretenders are pulling down in other divisions.

Chandler isn't macho, and his punches don't go boom-boom, but he's smart, rarely gets hit and has an effective, quick left jab. "I'm a three-armed fighter," he says. "I'm able to slip in an extra punch with my extra arm."

With nothing much left in the bantamweight division, Chandler has made overtures to his WBC counterpart, Lupe Pintor, for a unification match, but nothing has come of it. And he had hoped to fight Wilfredo Gomez, but the WBC junior featherweight champion moved up to featherweight before Chandler could make his intentions known. "Sometimes I feel like I'm the only bantamweight in the world," he says.

So he had to beat himself. In a non-title fight last July with Oscar (The Boxer) Muniz, Chandler delivered more punch lines than punches. He took the fight on a week's notice when ABC, which needed a replacement for the Eddie Mustafa Muhammad–Michael Spinks non-fight, came calling. Chandler trained for the fight by strolling down the Atlantic City boardwalk in a Groucho Marx disguise. He wanted to see if anybody would recognize him in glasses, a black mustache and a large white nose.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked a woman pushing a baby carriage.

"Rusty Staub?" answered the woman a little hesitantly.

"Guess again," Chandler said, shaking his head. "Guess again."

But the woman wasn't the guessing type. She threw him a strange sideways glance and pushed on fast.

"Come back!" Chandler yelled after



But in the 10th round Chandler played while Muniz was all work and won a decision.

her. "Don't you know who you've been talking to? I'm Joltin' Nose Chandler."

In the bout with Muniz, Chandler grimaced, groaned and grinned his way around the ring for 10 rounds, and lost a split decision by a single point—his first pro defeat after 33 wins and two draws. The Philadelphian opened up a cut the width of the Schuylkill River under Muniz' left eye in the second round. All Chandler had to do to ice the fight was try some boxing in the 10th round. But instead of sticking Muniz with his jab, Chandler stuck out his tongue. It was a performance deserving of an Academy Award. The crowd, which had booed Muniz before the bout, was chanting "Oscar, Oscar," by the end.

"I was not in the best of shape, and I got anxious when I saw I couldn't pick up my attack," Chandler explained later. "I fooled with Muniz to bring him in closer, but when he got in, I didn't feel like having him there, either. I felt like fighting, but my body didn't. When they announced I had lost, I figured this was the end of my career. I'd told myself that if I ever got beaten, I'd quit. So I was

*continued*




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At 118 pounds, Chandler, adopting Willie's stance, is even money vs. the heavy bag.



thinking, 'Wow! Maybe I've had it.' "

Chandler is obsessed with ensuring his place in boxing history. He wants to win titles in three divisions, which only seven men in history—Bob Fitzsimmons, Tony Canzoneri, Barney Ross, Henry Armstrong, Wilfred Benitez, Alexis Arguello and Roberto Duran—have done. He carries a *Ring Record Book* with him to all his fights. "I look in the book and see the Z-boys, Alfonso Zamora and Carlos Zarate, who made defense after defense," he says. "I get dizzy looking at all the defenses they had." He flips to page 909, which is worn from much thumbing.



"Wow!" he says. "Look at this record. It's a great record."

It's his own. He scans the list. Chandler has faced two Americans in his last 22 fights and knocked out both.

"September 26, 1979," he says. "I hit Baby Kid Chocolate with a right jab and a left hook, and he melted.

"March 27, 1982. My fifth defense Johnny (Bang-Bang) Carter, the Dancing Machine. I broke the machine down."

Chandler's plans to brighten his record by taking titles in two more divisions have been temporarily shelved by the loss to Muniz. Chandler will seek to settle his score in a rematch—with his title on the line—on Dec. 17 in Atlantic City.

There may be no more unusual trio in sports than Chandler, his manager and his trainer. They look like a family running a Ma-and-Pa hoagie shop in South Philly. Willie and K.O. dote on their champion like grandparents, which they are. "Willie and Becky are part of my strength," Chandler says. "I can go over to their house to eat and sleep or do anything I want. I'm in love with them, and they love me."

Willie took K.O. to her first fight in 1961. It was Joey Giardello vs. Jesse Smith in Philadelphia's Arena. Then the next year she saw Giardello, a local favorite, decision Henry Hank. "I never seen so much blood," she recalls. "I says, 'Willie, I'm not going back.' A week later he gets his coat and I says, 'Where you going?' And he says, 'To the fight.' And I says, 'I'm going with you.' " She's been going ever since.

At 4′ 8″ and 55 years, K.O. Becky says it's no sweat working as Chandler's manager.

When Chandler was fighting at the Spectrum in the late '70s, Willie and K.O. used to follow him to his dressing room to congratulate him. They always had ringside seats. Chandler wasn't a stylist then; he was strictly an arm puncher whose best shot was his overhand right. On a whim, with no formal training, he had walked into Philadelphia's Juniper Gym in the fall of 1975. Two months later he turned pro. Soon after, he asked Willie to be his handler. Willie showed Chandler how to block punches with his shoulders instead of his gloves, and use his jabs to set up more damaging punches. Chandler, who had only one knockout in his first nine bouts, K.O.'d his next three opponents.

Willie is a gentle, soft-spoken little man with thinning white hair, a stubbly chin and a pack of Camels bulging from his shirt pocket. He dispenses fight wisdom and red-hot cherry gumdrops with equal facility. He speaks in a murmur. To hear him, you almost need a stethoscope. But he's plenty loud when scolding Chandler about his comportment in the ring. "After Muniz beat me, Willie got all over me," says Chandler, "and Becky chopped my head off with a long-handled ax."

K.O. shows up at Chandler's fights decked out in a red velour jacket with her name stitched in black letters on the front and Jeff's on the back. She pads around in black moccasins with little beaded birds stuck on the toes. Itsy-bitsy leather boxing gloves dangle from her ears, and around her neck is a 22-karat gold mezuzah that comedian Georgie Jessel gave her in 1945.

K.O. used to be in vaudeville. She was Tiny in the Al Fisher, Tiny and Lou comedy team, later known as Fisher and Marks. She worked with some of the biggest names in show business: Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra, The Three Stooges. "Those Stooges were as funny in person as in their films," she says with a laugh that makes her shoulders rattle.

As part of her act, K.O. would dress up as a waitress and heckle Fisher from the audience. "Sometimes I'd put a blonde mop on my head and pretend I was one of the Andrews Sisters," she says. "I did jokes, jitterbugging and try-to-pick-me-




K.O. isn't bashful about letting everyone know where she lives.

up. The usual." K.O. has this amazing ability. She's only 82 pounds, but no one has ever been able to lift her by the elbows. It's almost as if she's welded to the floor. Even Muhammad Ali wasn't able to budge her when she visited the heavyweight champion's camp in the '70s.

Chandler's boyhood idol was Jeff Chandler, the late actor who played Cochise in the movie *Broken Arrow*. One day while glancing at the TV page of a newspaper, the fighter discovered he had a double. "Wow!" he said. "I'm in a movie."

As with many fighters who come out of the Philadelphia ghetto, Chandler learned to fight as a means of survival. Thanks to a decade of gang wars, his scar-lined forehead looks like a roadmap. A hideous circular scar between his shoulder blades came compliments of a street rumble just last March. To hear Chandler tell it, it was nothing more than a light workout. He was cruising down South Philly's Carpenter Street in his '79 Pontiac. The driver ahead of him stopped and got out of his car to chat with some friends sitting on a wall. After five minutes had passed and the guys still hadn't moved, Chandler blew his horn.

"Excuse me," Chandler said, "could you please move your car to the side and let me pass?"

The other driver walked back to Chandler's car and peered in through the open window. His reply landed flush on Chandler's chin. "I thought, 'Wow! I don't take too many shots like this in the ring,'" says Chandler. So he got out and introduced himself with a right hook. "Then the 15 guys jumped off the wall," he says, "and were hitting me—bip, bip, bip—on the chin. I was thinking, 'Wow! These guys are bigger than me, and I'm still standing here.' I got a lot happier then. I finally got my hands moving. They were moving just fine. It was a good fight. I started to drop them one by one. I was doing just fine."

Until one of them jabbed a broken bottle into Chandler's back. "I could feel the warm, thick blood coming down," he says. "It's too bad. By the time that guy stabbed me, I'd already got the others off me. Respect was sinking in.

"Then one of them yelled, 'Yo, man, that's the champ! Let him go.' But we'd already been through 20 minutes of warfare." So Chandler called, "Time-out!" and somebody drove him to the hospital.

"You'll never hear me brag about it, never," says Chandler, "but I was dropping some pretty big guys. I mean, some of them must have been *150 pounds*."

On a recent Sunday in the kitchen of the O'Neills' South Philadelphia row house, K.O. scrutinized a letter from an old friend, Ed McMahon. Stuffed in the envelope with a sheet of stickers for cheap magazine subscriptions was a note that began: K.O. BECKY O'NEILL MAY HAVE JUST WON ONE MILLION DOLLARS! IMAGINE ONE MILLION DOLLARS IN THE O'NEILL BANK ACCOUNT!

"Guess what, Willie," said K.O., rather matter-of-factly. "We just won a million bucks." Willie was sprawled on a couch in the living room, reading *Hägar the Horrible*. "Get outta here," he said without looking up from the funnies.

Chandler sat with K.O., eating a sandwich and lamenting the fact that he'd never get to fight Larry Holmes and be the champ of all the world. "I could beat Marvin Hagler," he said flatly. "Of course, he'd have to come down to my weight."

"You hear that, Willie?" said K.O. "Jeff says he could beat Hagler."

Willie didn't take his eyes off the paper. "Not by sticking his tongue out," he said. END




After a workout, Jeff walks arm-in-arm with Becky, who's like family to him.

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Near the hoop Duncan plays unguardedly.

# You can't jam this Ram

***VCU Guard Calvin Duncan will never pull up short, in basketball or in life***

by Jaime Diaz

Calvin Duncan of Virginia Commonwealth University goes to the basket in a series of improbable hesitations and powerful explosions, somehow finding a path through the human forest that populates the paint. At 6′ 3″ and 197 pounds, Duncan, a junior, has the quickness and strength to do business inside, but perhaps more important he has developed a habit—on and off the court—of never pulling up short.

Throughout his 22 years, Duncan has adapted to life's obstacles with much the same grace he showed in adjusting to a fully extended Ralph Sampson blocking his path to the basket in a game against Virginia last season—on that occasion he executed a show-the-ball fake and reverse layup that left the big man scaling the wrong side of the hoop. Duncan never knew his parents—his mother died when he was two weeks old; he has never met his father—yet he seems immune to dark moments and possesses a personality described by friends and fans in Richmond, Va. as magnetic. As a high school junior in Linden, N.J., Duncan could read at barely fourth-grade level, yet today he is proudly on schedule to graduate with a degree in juvenile justice and is so adept at interviews and at addressing basketball clinics that he's known as The Ambassador.

"He has so much character," says Linda Isner, a teacher at Oak Hill Academy in Mouth of Wilson, Va., who along with her husband, school president Robert, became a surrogate parent to Duncan after he transferred there at 18. "His attitude is 'I want to be the best I can be in everything.' "




Dr. J holds a preeminent place in Duncan's heart—and on his wall.

At VCU, which is currently ranked No. 18 in the SI Top 20, Duncan has transformed himself from a playground-style scorer who averaged 26.6 points his senior year at Oak Hill and once scored 61 in a game to a team leader and multifaceted All-America candidate. "I want to 'dare to be great,' " he says, invoking an aphorism used by Julius Erving to describe his Philadelphia 76er teammate Andrew Toney. Dr. J has been Duncan's inspiration since Duncan was in the seventh grade; Toney is exactly the kind of "off" guard Duncan aspires to become.

Duncan is blessed with a rock-hard body of the sort NBA teams covet. His specialty is turning 15-footers into 10-footers and 10-footers into five-footers, often with a trip to the foul line thrown in for good measure. While sharing Player of the Year honors in the Sun Belt Conference last season with Charles Bradley of South Florida, Duncan took 68% of his shots from eight feet or closer and averaged 17.4 points. Yet he was also deadly from outside, hitting 16 of 28 attempts from three-point range. In two easy VCU victories last week, 94–46 over Johns Hopkins and 75–44 over East Carolina, Duncan ignored opportunities for big scoring numbers, concentrating instead on passing and defense. "I don't want my teammates to start thinking that Cal's going to be hoisting it just because he's getting attention," says Duncan. "I want them to know I'm out there to win as a team." Clearly, while he says in mock despair that he "used to be a little funkier," Duncan knows that developing his team-oriented skills will do more to enhance his basketball future than raw scoring.

One can only wonder what Mabel Wyatt Duncan, an assembly-line worker for a lamp company, thought the future held for Calvin when, after his mother's death in South Boston, Va., she brought him to

*continued*


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Linden and raised him singlehandedly, until she died of a stroke when he was 18. School was not important to the youthful Duncan, but basketball was, especially after he was dazzled by Erving, who was then in his slam-dunking heyday with the New York Nets of the ABA.

"I would get so excited watching Julius," Duncan remembers. "I would ask the older guys at the playground, 'Man, how can I get as good as Julius?' They kind of laughed and said, 'Practice.' It was funny, trying to be as good as Julius, but I just started practicing. Every day But there were so many good players, I was never content."

Posters of the great man adorn the wall of Duncan's dorm room. He has met his idol on four occasions, the last when the 76ers came to Richmond for an exhibition game in October. Now hanging in the poster gallery is a treasure from that meeting, a VCU publicity poster of Duncan signed, "Julius 'Dr. J' Erving."



Duncan had no close kin before he discovered Edmunds.

"I've learned I can't emulate Julius' game," says Duncan, who nonetheless emulates the Doc's postgame interview practice of draping a white towel around his neck while chatting with reporters. "His leaping ability, his hands, I just don't have," says Duncan. "But he's so positive, so positive. I would like to be like him—as a person."

Duncan's first step in that direction came when he got serious about school. Although he was a basketball star at Linden High, college recruiters stopped asking about Duncan because his grades were so poor. Some friends arranged for him to enroll on scholarship at Oak Hill, where he had to repeat his junior year. Applying the same diligence in the classroom as he had on the playground, in two years Duncan improved his reading skills from the fourth-grade level to the 10th. "What was I going to do?" he says. "Go back to Linden and do nothing?"

Duncan made the *Basketball Weekly* high school All-America list as a senior, and with his grades now in order, he planned to go to Jacksonville. But when Coach Tates Locke was fired, Duncan chose VCU.

"When Calvin came here, he was a very good scorer, but he didn't have any idea of what to do when he didn't have the basketball," says VCU Coach J.D. Barnett, who consumes a pack of Mentho-Lyptus cough drops a day to ease the effects of screaming at his players. "His concept of the game was 'When you have it, you score with it.' But he has developed the ability to be unselfish and still score when we want him to."

Duncan will occasionally wince at the Voice, as Barnett is sometimes referred to, but he says, "Coach is good for me because we both have the continual drive to improve."

Duncan is probably the most popular man on campus. And he has felt even more at home since his discovery earlier this year that a cousin, 19-year-old Terri Edmunds, is a VCU sophomore. Their meeting led to a Duncan family reunion in South Boston. "I was so happy to find Terri," he says. "It's funny, though. For some reason, I've never been lonely. I've always been lucky to have good friends. It's just been natural."

Barnett, who is sometimes concerned that all the notice Duncan is receiving might affect his behavior on the court, thinks it more likely that the attention will raise Duncan's standards even more. "He's very conscious of what people think," says the Voice, "but I think that's good. I think maybe that's what made Calvin Duncan what he is."

## THE WEEK

(Nov. 28-Dec. 4)

by ROGER JACKSON

**WEST** North Carolina won the Stanford Invitational tournament despite two dreadful performances by All-America Michael Jordan. Jordan scored only 11 points and committed six turnovers in the Tar Heels' 73–56 opening-round victory over Fordham and then had just four points before fouling out in Carolina's 88–75 win over Stanford in the championship game.

Though the victory over the Cardinal was the 500th of Tar Heel Coach Dean Smith's career, Smith was too upset with his team's erratic performance to celebrate. "Stanford took us out of our pressure defense," said Smith. "I kind of thought we were pretty good defensively until tonight. They made us look pretty foolish." Carolina, harassed by Stanford's own full-court pressure defense, saw its 55–39 halftime lead dwindle to 74–68 with 3:39 remaining. After Jordan fouled out with 9:42 to play and Sam Perkins, who scored 17 points and was named the tournament MVP, picked up his fourth personal a minute and a half later, Smith ordered Carolina into its four-corners offense to preserve the victory.

Wichita State struggled to subdue stubborn Colorado State 64–54. The Rams converted 10 of their first 13 shots against the Shockers, and with Point Guard Todd Benn singlehandedly shredding Wichita State's full-court man-to-man press, Colorado State trailed 33–31 at intermission. But after Shocker Coach Gene Smithson ordered a switch to a zone press to start the second half, the Rams committed five turnovers and Wichita State raced to a 43–33 lead. Shocker Xavier McDaniel scored a game-high 20 points and pulled down 11 rebounds in the victory.

UTEP's 60–59 double-overtime win over New Mexico State in Las Cruces gave the Miners the first sweep in the home-and-home Interstate 10 rivalry (El Paso is 45 miles east of Las Cruces) since 1978. Earlier, UTEP had beaten the Aggies 62–49 in El Paso, limiting them to just 36.4% shooting.

**EAST** Even after North Carolina State extended its nation's-best winning streak to 15 games by whipping UNC Charlotte 79–60 in an opening doubleheader of the McDonald's Classic, Wolfpack Coach Jim Valvano was concerned. "When we get away from ball control, we look poor," he said. "I still don't think we're playing well."

Sure enough, Virginia Tech crushed the Pack 89–65 the next night. Suckered into a running game by the smaller, quicker Hokies, State committed 23 turnovers and shot a season-low 39.7%. "It was a good old-fashioned butt-kicking," said Valvano. Tech's Dell Cur-

*continued*


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ry, who had 26 points in an 88–80 overtime loss to Wake Forest the night before, led the Hokies with 25 points and seven rebounds. Wake Forest followed up its win over Tech with a 77–55 trouncing of UNC Charlotte.

North Carolina beat UT-Chattanooga 85–63 in Chapel Hill in a game that began with starters Perkins and Kenny Smith on the bench for showing up five minutes late to a team meal, a no-no in Coach Dean Smith's book. Smith the player and Perkins got stuck in traffic returning from a barbershop, of all things. It hardly mattered. Perkins, with wounded pride but neater hair, came off the bench to score 16 points and grab 13 rebounds, while Smith added 10 points and five assists in 20 minutes. Jordan poured in a game-high 28 points, hitting 13 of 17 shots from the floor.

Both Michigan State and Maryland suffered embarrassing upsets in a doubleheader in the New Jersey Meadowlands. The Spartans' performance in their 73–66 loss to an inspired St. Peter's in the first game was so dismal that not even Sam Vincent's 25 points in the second half, including 13 in the last 1:43, could bring them back. In the nightcap, New Jersey native Tony Campbell's 23 points and nine rebounds paced Ohio State to a 72–68 win over Maryland. The Terps bounced back two nights later to wallop Canisius 77–55.

After scoring 24 points and grabbing 14 rebounds in Georgetown's 84–61 rout of St. Francis (Pa.), Center Patrick Ewing summed up his performance by saying, "I moved better." He rarely had to move at all in the Hoyas' earlier 91–38 destruction of Morgan State. Ewing played just 18 minutes and had 10 points as Coach John Thompson emptied his bench early in the second half. Boston College rolled to three easy victories, 97–63 over Stonehill, 73–61 over Maine and 97–64 over New Hampshire.

## SI TOP 20

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | NORTH CAROLINA (4–0) | 1* |
| 2. | KENTUCKY (2–0) | 2 |
| 3. | HOUSTON (3–1) | 3 |
| 4. | MEMPHIS STATE (4–0) | 4 |
| 5. | GEORGETOWN (4–0) | 5 |
| 6. | LSU (4–0) | 6 |
| 7. | UCLA (3–0) | 10 |
| 8. | WICHITA STATE (4–0) | 11 |
| 9. | IOWA (3–0) | 12 |
| 10. | BOSTON COLL. (3–0) | 13 |
| 11. | MICHIGAN STATE (3–1) | 7 |
| 12. | LOUISVILLE (1–2) | 8 |
| 13. | MARYLAND (2–1) | 9 |
| 14. | ARKANSAS (3–1) | 14 |
| 15. | UTEP (3–0) | 16 |
| 16. | DEPAUL (3–0) | 17 |
| 17. | WAKE FOREST (3–0) | 18 |
| 18. | VCU (2–0) | 19 |
| 19. | OREGON STATE (1–1) | 15 |
| 20. | N.C. STATE (5–1) | 20 |

*Last week

**MIDEAST** "I don't know how we could come in complacent," said Kentucky Coach Joe B. Hall after the Wildcats turned back Indiana 59–54 in Lexington, Ky. "After you've won 10 games and you're really high, you expect a certain amount of complacency. After we beat Louisville [65–44 on Nov. 26] we got praised too much, and we're not that good a ball club." Fortunately for Kentucky, freshman Guard James Blackmon's performance was enough to subdue the Hoosiers. He came off the bench to score a team-high 14 points and preserved the win with three free throws and a crucial rebound of Sam Bowie's missed foul shot in the final 41 seconds. LSU sandwiched a pair of road victories—94–59 at UNC-Wilmington and 75–65 over Texas A&M in Houston—between a 51–48 win at home over Washington.

Notre Dame, trailing UCLA 46–31 with 7:52 to play, ran off 11 straight points to pull within four, 46–42, with 3:21 left. Then senior Swingman Tom Sluby missed three consecutive free throws before converting one that closed the gap to 47–45 with 40 seconds left. But UCLA hung on for a its 51–47 road victory when Stuart Gray hit a pair of free throws with 35 seconds left and Forward Kenny Fields, who led all scorers with 18 points, hit a 12-foot jumper with 14 seconds to play.

"It's too bad we couldn't have played Oregon State with A.C. Green, Darryl Flowers and Tyrone Miller in there," said Iowa Forward Michael Payne after the Hawkeyes' 56–45 victory over the Beavers in the championship game of the Hawkeye Classic. "It was sort of like fighting a one-armed guy." Green and Flowers, both starters, and Miller, a key reserve forward, were declared ineligible last week for the first six games of the season because they had violated NCAA rules by selling complimentary game tickets last season. Without that trio the Beavers reached the title game with a 49–40 win over Arkansas State, while Iowa ripped Baylor 67–44 in the opening round. But in the final, Greg Stokes and Payne, the Hawks' Twin Towers, combined for 27 points and 22 rebounds to spoil Oregon State Coach Ralph Miller's first appearance in Iowa City since he guided the Hawkeyes to the Big Ten title and an NCAA berth in 1970.

**MIDWEST** Louisville roared back from its second straight loss, 90–83 in overtime at Purdue, to rip SMU 89–65 in the Cardinals' home opener. "No team had a more difficult assignment than we did," said SMU Coach Dave Bliss. "Facing a Top 10 caliber team in front of that neat [Freedom Hall] crowd, a team with a lot of pride coming off two losses." Guards Lancaster Gordon, Milt Wagner and Jeff Hall combined for 61 points and 17 assists to pace the Cards.

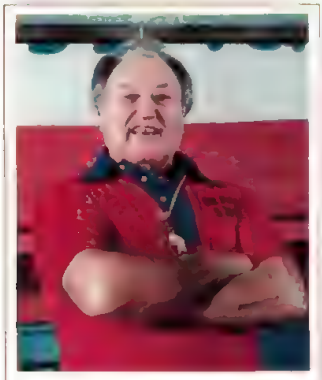
Memphis State won twice, beating Middle Tennessee State 74–47 and Detroit 90–65, but the Tigers were jolted when freshman Forward Larry Bush was suspended from the team pending an investigation into a statutory rape charge.

### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**GENE WALDRON:** The senior guard hit 13 of 17 from the floor and 14 of 16 from the line for a career-high 40 points in Syracuse's 109–92 win over Iona in the championship game of the Carrier Classic.

Houston opened the week with a 68–62 victory at Mississippi State. Then, with Akeem Abdul Olajuwon blocking a school-record 16 shots and grabbing 18 rebounds, the Cougars rolled past Biscayne 69–51. Arkansas got 19 points from Center Joe Kleine and 18 from Guard Alvin Robertson in a 98–69 rout of Southeast Missouri State.

Wichita State won its fifth consecutive McDonald's Classic title, beating Loyola (Calif.) 75–73 in the opening round and pounding Hawaii 89–68 for the championship. END



*DePaul's 69–66 victory over Illinois State in the Horizon earned Ray Meyer his 700th career coaching triumph—and saved him some potential embarrassment. A postgame celebration—complete with champagne and a 12-foot-high, seven-tiered cake—had been set up at the Hyatt Regency O'Hare even before the game, and, as Meyer said, "I didn't want to go to a party after a loss." He didn't have to, thanks to freshman Dallas Comegys, who had a game-high 21 points and seven rebounds, and senior Jerry McMillan, who added 14 points and hit four free throws in the final 20 seconds.*



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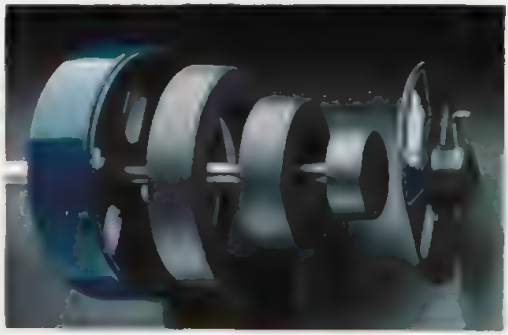
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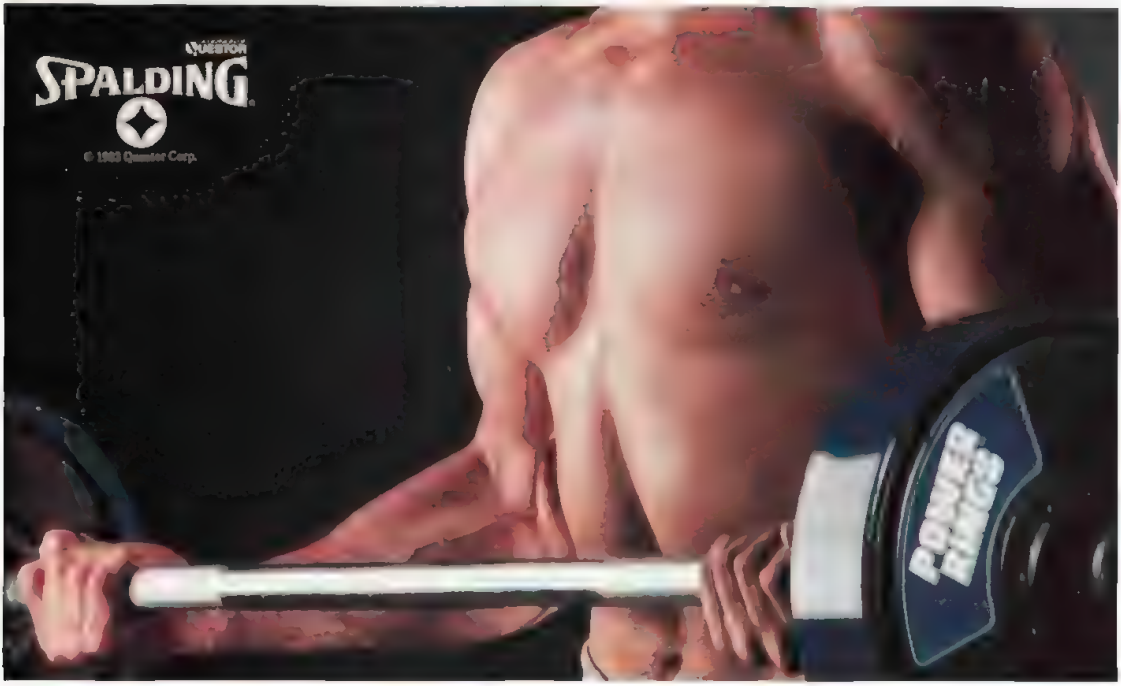



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# The candle still burns

***Bud Greenspan continues to be inspired by his late wife, Cappy***

by William Taaffe



Greenspan's wife lent her name to Cappy Productions and was crucial to its success.

Though Bud Greenspan, the celebrated sports documentarist, didn't realize it at the time he wrote the *1983 Heisman Special Award* show, he was writing a kind of tribute to the late Cappy, "My best friend, my best girl and my wife." The program, seen nationally last Saturday on syndicated TV, spoke less about football than about people's dependence on each other. As Greenspan showed it, the four Heisman winners he profiled—John Huarte, Johnny Rodgers, Joe Bellino and Doak Walker—all owed their success to someone else: a teammate, a coach, a relative, a friend. And, for Greenspan, the 10-minute vignettes were symbolic of his reliance on Cappy.

"People think I wrote about Heisman winners and athletes who stand on victory platforms, but I was always writing about her," Greenspan says. "Everything I wrote, I used her as my model. I talked about courage and spirit and endurance and talent, and for all my scripts I used Cappy as an example. I told her that once. She said, 'Aw, go on.' I said, 'Listening to Beethoven and thinking about you is very inspiring.' "

Cappy Greenspan died last June of cancer at age 51. An extra tragic dimension accompanied her death, the diagnosis of her illness having come one month after the crowning moment of the Greenspans' careers: 20th Century-Fox's announcement in March that they would write, produce and direct the official film of the 1984 Summer Olympics. For years, Greenspan says, Cappy had been the principal negotiator, insightful interviewer, conscience and organizer behind their mom-and-pop filmmaking company. But her contribution was little recognized, even though the Greenspans' company was—and is—named Cappy Productions. Now, when the big Hollywood announcement came, she was called up to the stage as his equal. "Bud and Cappy," everyone said, identifying them as the teammates they were—and her eyes shone. They had no children, only their sensitive, understated films that always took the high road.

Greenspan and Cappy Petrash began working together in 1958, seven years before they were married. He was just breaking into films then, and she was feature editor of *Monitor*, the old NBC Radio show. She held the cue cards during the production of his first classic film, *Jesse Owens Returns to Berlin*. Later came the 22-part *Olympiad* series, which will be shown again this year by ABC-TV, and dozens of other productions. Bud was the creative force, "but she did so many things better than I," he says. "I used to tell people that I was a good Charlie McCarthy to a wonderful Edgar Bergen. And they would laugh, but I wouldn't mean it as a joke."

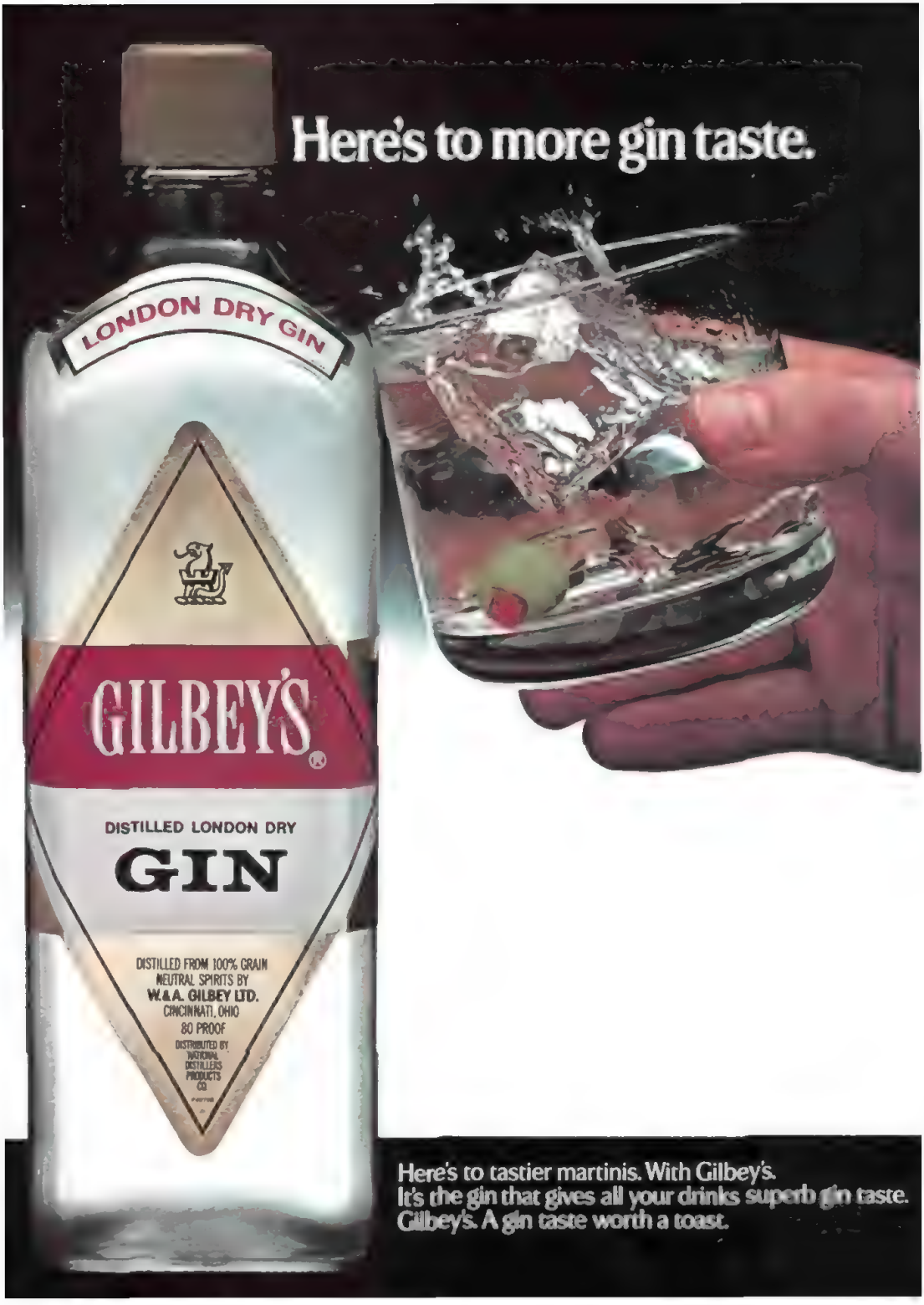
How can Greenspan, 56, go on in a business that reminds him daily of Cappy? The answer lies in his vision. He passionately believes that she lives on in his work. He began filming the Heisman documentary, which was wrapped around the live presentation of the award to Nebraska fullback Mike Rozier, in late July, and he has already started preliminary filming on the Olympics opus. "It's more of a mission now than ever before," Greenspan says. "We came to the conclusion that we were going to leave a large part of who we were in our films, to be used for good by this generation and future generations."

Greenspan said he was helped greatly in his thinking by a compassionate letter he received shortly after Cappy's death from Dr. Sammy Lee, a U.S. gold medalist in diving in 1948 and '52. In his missive Lee included a poem called *The Dark Candle*, about a husband who becomes reclusive after the death of his beloved wife. Then one night the husband had a dream. He was in heaven, watching a grand procession of angels, each carrying a lighted candle. Suddenly he noticed that one angel's candle was darkened. The angel was his wife.

"How is it, darling, that your candle alone is unlighted?" he asked.

"Sweetheart," she said, "they often relight it, but your tears always put it out."

"Just then the man awoke from his dream," Lee wrote. "The lesson was crystal clear, and its effects were immediate. From that hour on he was not a recluse but mingled freely and cheerfully with their former friends. No longer would his beloved wife's candle go unlighted." END


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# A real kick for Seko

*Inner peace and lots of late speed won Fukuoka for Toshihiko Seko*

by Craig Neff




Alberto Salazar sat on a cot, hollow-eyed and weary, unable to explain. "Toward the end I just started to feel the pounding," he said quietly. "I really don't have the answer."

Like other elite runners who had come to the Japanese island of Kyushu for last Sunday's Fukuoka International marathon—among them two-time Olympic gold medalist Waldemar Cierpinski of East Germany; lethally swift front-runner Juma Ikangaa of Tanzania; and Japan's gangly Soh twins, Shigeru and Takeshi—Salazar had watched helplessly as the masterful, sometimes mysterious, Toshihiko Seko dashed off with his fourth Fukuoka title in six years. Seko, 27, a squarishly built 5′ 6½″ 140-pounder from Tokyo, used his redoubtable kick to blow past Ikangaa on the final stretch inside Heiwadai Stadium and win by 18 yards, 2:08:52 to 2:08:55. Meanwhile, Salazar, who, after months of physical breakdowns and emotional stress, had worked himself into the best shape of his life, had faded from contention a mile and a half outside the stadium and finished fifth, in 2:09:21. "Before I can even *think* of winning next year [at the Los Angeles Olympics]," he said dejectedly, "I have to get better."

Salazar intended to make this a run at his own world record of 2:08:13, which he set two years ago in New York. "If someone goes 2:07 I'll be ready to go with him," Salazar had said on Saturday, and indeed, all the ingredients seemed right: a select field of 168 runners, all of whom had sub-2:27 personal bests or the equivalent; a flat, quick, out-and-back course on which one world record had already been set (2:09:36 by Australia's Derek Clayton in 1967) and another nearly so (2:08:18 by Clayton's countryman and current world champion, Rob de Castella, in 1981); Salazar's own condition; and even Sunday's cool, moderately breezy weather. Perhaps even more important was the fact that though the city of Fukuoka (pop. one million) may be no more than a drowsy industrial seaport, its marathon is one of the world's most prestigious. More than 100,000 people were along the course Sunday, with an addi-

*continued*



Ikangaa led, as he had most of the race, reentering Heiwadai Stadium, but Seko's strong finish earned him another win.



tional 30 million—more than a quarter of Japan's population—watching on TV.

But what they saw for 24 miles was a static test pattern. Ikangaa led the race out of Heiwadai Stadium and onto Route 3, followed closely by Salazar and the pack. Up Route 3 they ran, against two lanes of traffic, passing Isuzu dealership after Esso station after *Oh!* fast-food restaurant. Still Ikangaa led, with Salazar at his side and the mob in tow. On past Toyota dealership after Stork gas station after McDonald's: Still Ikangaa carried Salazar and the horde. Finally, they left behind the last Honda dealer, Dairy Queen and 7-Eleven and veered left onto the more serene *Umino nakamichi* ("road between the seas"), which brought them out along a narrow peninsula to the course's littoral—and literal—halfway point. Cierpinski made a brief dash to the front; otherwise, it was still Ikangaa, Salazar and a pack that had shrunk to a mere 21. Amid the sand dunes, beach grass and pines with Fukuoka now visible across Hakata Bay, the runners made a U-turn and retraced their route.

No one surged or jockeyed, nor would anyone help Ikangaa carry the pace: It lagged more than a minute behind record clip. Ikangaa, a slightly built 26-year-old Tanzanian army lieutenant, had decided before the race to eschew his usual suicidal pace in favor of a more prudent one. When the pack did finally thin to a core of six at 18 miles (Cierpinski being the most notable dropout: he ended up 15th), Ikangaa still led Salazar, who still led Seko, who still led Japan's Kunimitsu Itoh and the Soh brothers.

Six miles later Seko and Ikangaa took off, leaving Salazar and the others to languish. Thus did Salazar's disappointing year suddenly become bleak. Consider that just last fall Salazar, then 24 and fresh off his third straight New York City victory, was marathoning's biggest name, its undefeated (4–0) and seemingly unconquerable hero. But the pressure was becoming unbearable. As 1983 arrived Salazar grew irritable and edgy. He actually worried himself sick. He couldn't sleep. In April, he went to the Rotterdam marathon and finally lost, finishing fifth, a minute and a half behind winner de Castella (2:08:37). It was almost a relief.

But then Salazar suffered a series of colds and a bout of bronchitis, and ran poorly in summer track races. At the World Championships in Helsinki he was dead last in the 10,000. That wasn't relief, it was humiliation. Not even his 1983 training experiments—three-a-day workouts, going to Kenya to run, consulting a sports psychologist—seemed to be a way to end the slump. Proud, and unstinting in his workouts, Salazar hoped to come back strong at Fukuoka. Instead he only acquired more doubts. And doubters. When Seko glanced at Salazar just before the 24-mile mark, he said later, "I knew he was less than usual. His face was pain."

Seko's face, however, was composed. He, too, has been through difficult times—he missed 22 months of competition because of leg injuries after winning the 1981 Boston Marathon, and was unable to compete in last summer's World Championships because of hepatitis—but he is a student of Zen, and he believes his greatest strength is his peace of mind.

Seko's superior track speed didn't hurt, either. When he entered the stadium on Ikangaa's tail with 500 meters to go on Sunday, the disappointed Tanzanian would later recall, "I know already that he will be by me. I know he passes me in the last 50 meters."

Actually, Seko shot by Ikangaa with 100 meters to go, setting off a tremendous roar and fireworks and the vigorous waving of tiny red-and-white flags. Only Frank Shorter—a somewhat lesser Japanese hero—had ever won Fukuoka four times. In previous days, typically, Seko had said that he was not in shape even to be a factor in the race, a suspicious claim coming from a runner whose major problem has always been *over*training (reportedly 25 miles a day, with individual runs of as long as 50). Here he was, still closed-lipped about his workouts, though he did admit he'd finally given up what seemed to be the only indulgence in an otherwise ascetic life-style: beer. A Soh-Soh finish behind Seko and Ikangaa—Shigeru third in 2:09:11 and Takeshi fourth in 2:09:17, plus Itoh's sixth-place clocking of 2:09:35 gave the race the fastest set of times in marathoning history. The next assembly of such a field will probably be at the '84 Games.

Said Ikangaa, "If Seko runs with these tactics in Los Angeles, I'm sure he can get a medal. I don't know what medal. He can get a medal, I can get a medal and someone else can get a medal." With the absent de Castella prominent in the picture, that may not leave much room for anyone else. Perhaps not even a world-record holder.



**Salazar held third, Cierpinski a brief first, at the turn for home, 13.1 miles away.**



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# Time to wake up and retire

*After 27 straight wins (yawn), Cam Fella is about to hang up his harness*




Cam Fella hits the Roosevelt finish line first for his record-setting 25th consecutive win.

by Demmie Stathoplos

Cam Fella stood in his stall at Roosevelt Raceway three weeks ago, trying—but not very hard—to stay awake. While groom Peter Houck worked around Cam Fella, wrestling a bridle over the 4-year-old pacer's head, hooking up the myriad leather straps of his harness and attaching the sulky, Cam Fella yawned hugely. His head drooped and his eyelids fluttered and then closed. Here it was, 40 minutes to post time and the star of the seventh race was acting like a man watching his 80th consecutive *Gilligan's Island* rerun. Granted, it was late—10 p.m.—but this was ridiculous. Still, Pat Crowe, 46, Cam Fella's trainer-driver, was unconcerned. "We often have to wake him up to race," Crowe said. "This horse lies down more than he stands up."

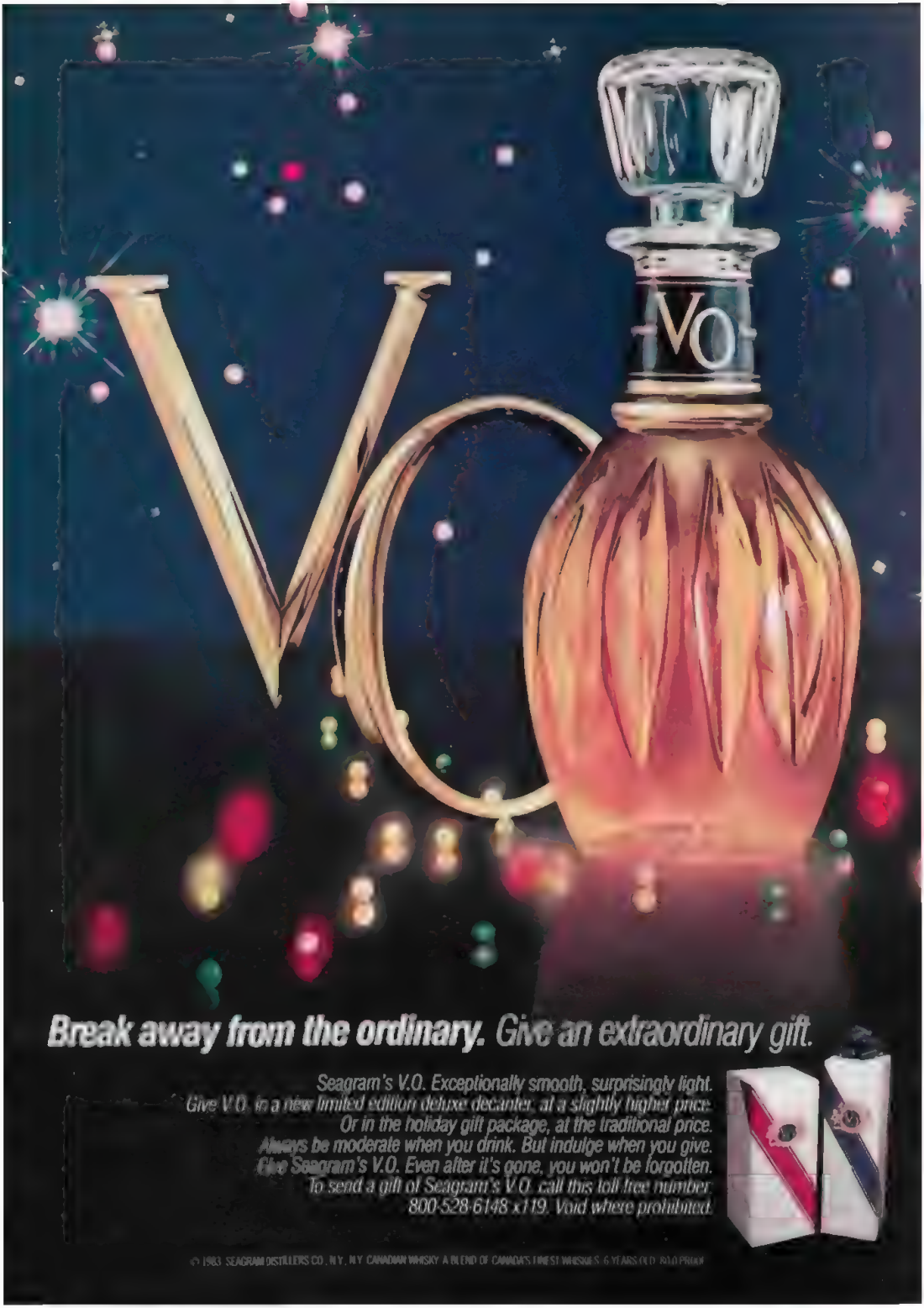
Around racetracks Cam Fella is called The Pacing Machine, and with good reason. He has been racing once and sometimes twice a week for the last two years. On Nov. 12 he tied the record of 24 consecutive victories in one season, set in 1964 by Bret Hanover, his maternal grandsire. Now, on the evening of Nov. 19, he was supposed to go onto the Roosevelt track and break that record. The only question was whether he could stay awake long enough to get out of the paddock. After that it would be no sweat, because Cam always manages to perk up when he gets on a racetrack. Suddenly, a few minutes to post time, he lifted his head, pricked up his ears, took a quick look around at his competition and tried to bite his groom. Cam Fella was ready.

Breaking from the outside post in the field of six, he was parked at the quarter but quickly charged to the lead and kept it for the rest of the race, pacing the mile in 1:57⅘ to win by a length and a quarter over Armbro Aussie. With that, Cam Fella broke not only Bret Hanover's record, he also broke Courageous Red's world mark (25) for the most winning miles paced in two minutes or less in one season. Ho-hum, another record. Yawn.

One week later, at Maywood Park in Chicago, Cam Fella did it again, scoring a two-length, 1:56⅘ victory in the $50,000 Rambling Willie Invitational for his 26th straight win. That triumph ran his earnings to $1,978,867, only $59,352 short of the record for standardbreds, held by Rambling Willie. And Willie took 11 years to amass that sum. "The worst thing about Cam," says Crowe, "is that he has a tendency to lug in on turns. The best thing about him is he keeps going forward, and that's what it's all about. The harder you are on him, the better he is. I train him in 1:58 and even 1:54 sometimes. That's hard and fast."

Cam Fella knows a lot about fast, if not much about hard. In the three years that he has been racing, Cam has started 79 times and won 60. His only injury has been a bruised left knee. "Cam looks after himself," says Crowe. "And he's so relaxed. On plane rides he eats hay the whole time. He loves to travel." Which is a good thing, because Cam has covered a lot of territory. For instance, those 26 straight 1983 wins (the first on May 19) came at 11 different tracks in the U.S. and Canada, and he owns the track record for the mile at five of them. He has also smashed a raft of the great Niatross'

continued




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marks: the world record for the most 1:55-or-better winning miles lifetime (16); the world record for most 1:55-or-better winning miles in a year (1983, 14); the record for the most consecutive two-minute-or-better winning miles (25); the record for the most lifetime $100,000-or-more races won (13). On Nov. 5 he became the first aged (over three) standardbred to earn more than $1 million in a year. No wonder the horse keeps falling asleep. He should be exhausted.

Last year Cam Fella won two legs of pacing's Triple Crown for three-year-olds (the Cane and the Messenger), as a supplemental entry, but he wasn't eligible for the third leg, the Little Brown Jug, which accepts no supplemental entries. Still, he was named 1982 Horse of the Year among standardbreds. Last week, two days after his Maywood Park victory, it was announced that Cam Fella had again copped the Horse of the Year award, beating out the extraordinary 3-year-old pacer Ralph Hanover, winner of this year's Triple Crown. Cam was also named the 1983 Pacer of the Year and the Aged Pacer of the Year.

All this has been attained by a horse that was purchased by Doug Arthur of Toronto for a modest $19,000 at the 1980 Tattersalls Sales in Lexington, Ky. Though he has impressive breeding (by Triple Crown–winner Most Happy Fella out of Nan Cam, by Triple Crown–winner and three-time Horse of the Year Bret Hanover), Cam Fella got off to an unimpressive start. In 1981, as a 2-year-old, he earned a measly $17,588. Not everyone, however, was discouraged by Cam's record. Torontonian Norman Clements, a veteran horse owner who operates a chain of sporting goods stores, was in the market for a new acquisition when he heard from Crowe, a longtime associate of Clements, that Cam Fella was for sale. "I watched Cam race for three weeks," says Clements, "and then I met Doug Arthur, who said the price was $100,000. I said I was prepared to pay $75,000. The second time [after Cam Fella had won another race] I asked if he was for sale. Arthur said the price was $125,000. I said I was prepared to pay $100,000."

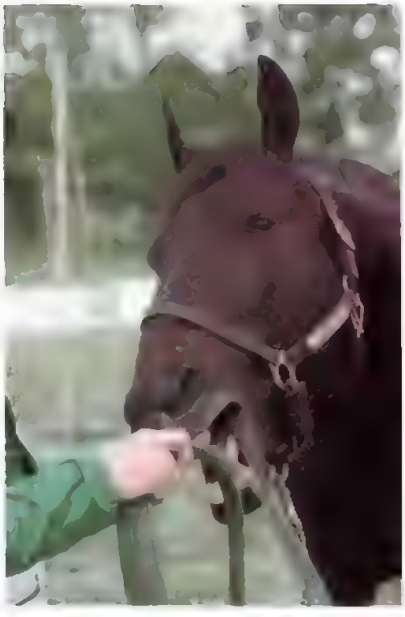
Meanwhile, Clements asked a friend, Norman Faulkner, if he'd be interested in buying half a share in Cam Fella. Faulkner said sure. The two Normans had once owned a horse in partnership, a 4-year-old pacer named DeSantis, who won his first three races for them. An auctioneer, Faulkner's only experience in the horse racing business had been his partnership in DeSantis. But he trusted Clements. And Clements trusted Crowe. In December 1981 the two Normans each bought half of Cam Fella, whose price by that point had crept up to $140,000. "They thought he'd be a nice racehorse and that maybe they'd get half the money back," Crowe says.



The next year Cam Fella earned $879,723. He also won a lot of fans, especially among Torontonians, 150 of whom regularly travel all over Canada and the U.S. to watch him compete. Clements and Faulkner have also given away more than 100,000 buttons that read CAM FELLA, THE PACING MACHINE. Clements even hired someone to make a movie of Cam Fella's life story. "We know that next year we'll go back to reality," says Clements, who in 20 years of racing has never owned a top-ranked horse. "A Cam Fella will never happen to us again."

This Saturday, at Greenwood Raceway in Toronto, Cam will pace his last race and be feted with a retirement party. Despite being a ridgeling (a male animal in which one or both testicles have not descended, a condition that doesn't necessarily affect his potency), he has been syndicated for almost $6 million.

Naturally, before any of this took place, Clements, who admits he didn't know what a ridgeling was before he bought Cam Fella, called a veterinarian who affirmed that the horse could be bred. In Cam Fella's case, one testicle is descended and, says Crowe, "It's so large, it's like two on another horse." However, the call that Clements made to the vet was hardly what made investors reach for their wallets. Cam Fella also was tested in the breeding shed. But—the indignity of it all!—he wasn't allowed to try out a real flesh-and-blood mare. Rather, the breeders trotted out a fake mare, called a "phantom," made out of steel and foam padding. Then they brought in a live "teaser" mare to rouse Cam's interest, and he successfully "inseminated" the ersatz mare—which is probably better than never having loved at all. The upshot of all of this was the almost $6 million syndication.



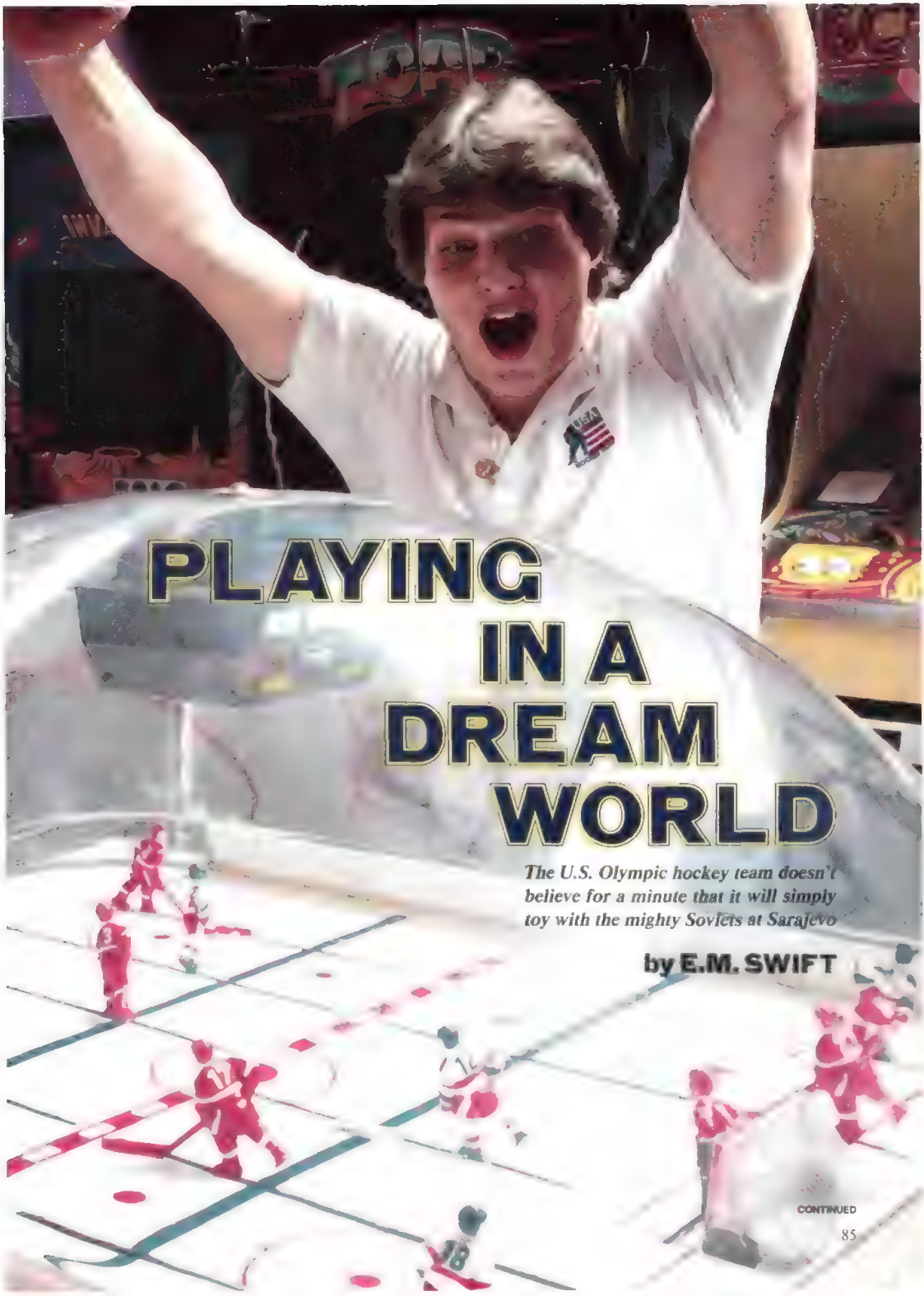
A constant nibbler, Cam likes to put the bite on friends and strangers; he sometimes even attempts to eat Crowe (left).

Last week Cam Fella traveled to Florida to race in the Miller High Life Golden Mile at Pompano Park. Naturally, he won, beating Armbro Aussie again, this time by a length in 1:54⅕—another track record—to chalk up his 27th straight win and to add $25,000 to his earnings. Next it's on to his finale at Greenwood. Clements is already nostalgic about Cam's leaving the racing circuit. "We've had two years most people only dream about," he says.

One thing is clear: It can truly be said that the two Normans bought a sleeper. Now if Cam can only stay awake during his retirement party . . . **END**




In an arcade (from left) Lafontaine, Mark Fusco and Olczyk work on beating the U.S.S.R. team.



# PLAYING IN A DREAM WORLD

*The U.S. Olympic hockey team doesn't believe for a minute that it will simply toy with the mighty Soviets at Sarajevo*

by E.M. SWIFT

CONTINUED

continued

It's a gray morning in mid-November, and the bus is moving along a highway somewhere on the outskirts of Buffalo, where the 1984 U.S. Olympic hockey team would play an exhibition game that night. The 24 members of the team are flushed from their morning workout, and the conversation is lively

Lou Vairo, the coach, turns and kneels on his seat at the front of the bus to face his team. At 38, he's somewhat round in the body and has a boyishly expressive face and manner.

All eyes go to him as he barks out an order in a distinctly Brooklyn accent. Vairo (rhymes with HAIR-o) is in a good mood, so one of the players nearest him, Providence College's Paul Guay, 20, kids him about his malapropisms. Vairo experiments with language: He speaks a little German, Italian, Polish, Russian, Czech—and English. He has been heard





*Lafontaine (blue jersey, below) has scored 13 points in eight games against Canada's Olympians. Former non-skater Vairo (right) can now make his coaching points while up on blades.*



to tell his players to go put on their "veneers" instead of their velours, and if one of them puts on airs, Vairo dismisses him as "presentuous." Someday Vairo hopes to have a fancy home with all the "anemones." Such errors constitute a running joke with the team, and Vairo, a natural ham, does little to discourage it.

"Hey, Lou. Teach me some vocabulary," Guay says.

"How about 'benched'?" Vairo says, not missing a beat. "Add that to your vocabulary." There's laughter and hooting from the back of the bus. The stage is Vairo's now, and he holds onto it. "All right, you college birds, since you're so smart: What country did Idi Amin run?"

Mark Fusco, 22, a small defenseman who was voted the top college hockey player in the country last year, answers, "Uganda."

"You went to Harvard," Vairo says. "Somebody else. Chelios. You went to Wisconsin. Who's the governor of Wisconsin?"

Chris Chelios, 21, who helped lead the Badgers to the 1983 NCAA hockey championship—beating Harvard 6–2 in the final—shrugs. "Who cares?" he asks. Chelios, who is expected to join the Montreal Canadiens after the Games, lists San Diego as his hometown.

Vairo is becoming more animated: "Who's the prime minister of Israel?"

Someone from the back answers, "Menachem Begin."

Vairo, enjoying it: "Wrong! You guys never read the newspapers. How can you understand the world around you if you don't read the newspapers? I'm not talking about the sports section."

From the back of the bus Phil Verchota, the U.S. captain, the player who's called the Old Man, raises his voice. Verchota, 26, is one of two members of this team who was also on the gold medal winner at Lake Placid. John Harrington, also 26, is the other. "All right Lou," Verchota says. "Here's one for you. What's the equation for depreciating an asset on a straight line basis?"

Vairo breaks into a grin and says, "For a guy who never worked a day in his life, you know an awful lot about money, Verchota. Stick around another four years. There's a 1988 Olympics coming up."

More laughter and hooting ensue, and then several players ask Vairo to switch to sports trivia. "College birds," he scoffs. "All right. You want sports questions? Who had the best overhand curveball in baseball history?' Several names are shouted out, but Vairo shakes his head. "Nobody knows? Camilo Pascual," he says.

Scott Fusco, 20, a Harvard lad like his brother, protests. "That's an opinion."

"That's not an opinion," Vairo says. "That's *my* opinion. That's fact. All right, one more. True or false. In 1976 the Polish National Team lost to the Russians in the Olympics in Innsbruck 16–1, one of the most humiliating defeats in Olympic hockey history. Two months later, that same Polish team defeated the Soviets in the world championships at Katowice, Poland by the score of 6–4, giving the title to the Czechs—a defeat so crushing to the U.S.S.R. that the Soviet coach, Boris Kulagin, left the country to coach in Denmark for two years. Show your hands. How many of you think that's true?" About half the hands go up. "How many think that's false?" About half the hands go up again, many of them the

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same hands as before. "It's true," Vairo says, relishing it. "It's absolutely true."

Except for Verchota and Harrington, the cast of characters has changed completely since February 1980, when the U.S. Olympic hockey team wrote its glorious tale in Lake Placid. There's no flag-wrapped Goalie Jim Craig, no Captain Mike Eruzione waving his teammates onto the podium beside him, no iron-fisted Coach Herb Brooks. That's all in the past. It's ridiculous to say that the 1984 Olympic hockey team is defending the gold medal. The only team that could have done so is scattered across the continent. In its place, starting a new story, is a group of youngsters, three of whom are still in high school, for heaven's sake. Average age: 21, a full year younger than those Miracle Kids of 1980. Pat LaFontaine (SI, March 28), the 1984 team's leading scorer in the 44 exhibition games it had played through last weekend, was at home in Waterford, Mich., celebrating his 15th birthday the night of Feb. 22, 1980, when the U.S. defeated the Soviets 4–3 at Lake Placid. LaFontaine's club at the time was the Autobahn Midgets. Chelios, the top defenseman on the '84 squad, was on a bus somewhere in Saskatchewan, traveling to a Tier Two junior hockey game with the Moose Jaw Canucks. Forward Ed Olczyk, an eighth-grader then, was in his suburban Chicago home calling SportsPhone for U.S.-U.S.S.R. scores, because the telecast of the game was to be tape delayed. Defending the gold medal? Most of these guys have never even seen a gold medal. Says Vairo, "It's an insult even to compare the two teams. I still get that emotional lump when I think of what the 1980 bunch accomplished. All we've done so far is win a few exhibition games."



*Forward Scott Fusco took this year off from Harvard.*

Still, the 1984 team has won some of those exhibitions so impressively—it was 26–11–7 as of last Saturday, including 3–3–1 against NHL clubs and 3–4–3 vs. the Canadian Olympic team—that hockey people have been taking careful notice. The U.S. players are big, fast and highly skilled with the puck, and they have two strong goaltenders in Marc Behrend and Bob Mason. David Poile, general manager of the Washington Capitals, said after his team lost 2–1 to the Olympians: "They're every bit as good as the 1980 team. We played our whole lineup, and territorially they controlled the play. They're well coached, the system they're playing is similar to the one Brooks used, they're quicker than pro teams, and in LaFontaine they have a player who is probably better than any

continued



*They laugh with and at Vairo (standing), but not all the boys on the bus think he's paid his dues*




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individual who played in 1980. But that has no bearing on whether they're going to win a medal."

One thing that does have a bearing on that is how the U.S. plays in February. Its first five games at Sarajevo will be against Canada, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Austria and Finland. If America finishes first or second in that division—a realistic goal—it would advance to the medal round, in which it would meet two other countries, most likely Russia and Sweden. This time there would be no element



*Iafrate, 17, is one of five teen-agers on the team.*

of surprise or home-ice advantage for the U.S. as there was at Lake Placid. "I watched the world championships last year in Munich," Vairo says, "and I guarantee you we're going in as the underdogs. The Czechs have their best team since the mid-'70s, the Swedes are technically as good as any club in the world, the Finns have a new coach and are



*David H. Jensen honed his stickhandling skills at the University of Minnesota, where he was captain.*

young and enthusiastic, and the Russians want their gold medal back. One NHL general manager who was there shook my hand, patted me on the back and said, 'Lou, I wish you all the luck in the world. I'm glad I'm in the Patrick Division.' "

Vairo's story is one of the most remarkable in hockey. The Brooklyn-born Vairo ice-skated only a few times before he was 21. One day in 1966 he was waiting to watch a youth hockey game at the Flushing Meadow rink, and the referee didn't show up. So someone handed Vairo a pair of skates. He gamely spent the next hour refereeing while pulling himself along the sideboards. Even though he wasn't much of an ice-skater, Vairo had always been semi-addicted to the game. He had played roller hockey in the streets of Brooklyn all his life and at age 15 had saved up $70 to buy a season ticket for the Madison Square Garden balcony to watch the Rangers of Gump Worsley, Camille Henry and Andy Bathgate. To this day his eyes shine at the memory of seeing Gordie Howe score his 500th goal. Shortly after surviving his refereeing stint, Vairo filled in for an absentee coach of a Midget team, whereupon he decided to teach himself to skate and started reading books on coaching. For the next eight years Vairo volunteered his time as coach for New York City teams at all levels from mite [ages 6-8] to the Junior B [ages 16-20] New York Metropolitan League, in which such NHL players as Nick Fotiu and Joe and Brian Mullen got their start. It was grass-roots hockey in the asphalt jungle.

"I was a great lover of the game," Vairo says, "and a very good player in roller hockey, which has many of the same fundamentals and tactics as ice hockey. I resent it sometimes when people say, 'You never played organized hockey.' I wasn't lucky enough to be born in Canada, or Minnesota, or Massachusetts, or Michigan, and some people in hockey think you can only be a coach if you come from those areas. Well, it's not true. The great Coach Anatoly Tarasov, the father of Russian hockey, once told me, 'You don't coach with your feet, you coach with your brains and your heart.' "

Vairo first fell under Tarasov's influence in 1974 when, by using up his savings and borrowing additional funds, he traveled to the U.S.S.R. to study Soviet training techniques with a group of North American coaches, including Fred Shero, then coach of the Philadelphia Flyers. International hockey was just opening up at the time, and Vairo was receptive to what he saw. Being essentially an outsider to the sport, he didn't have a bunch of preconceived notions of how things should be done. "It was excellent," Vairo remembers. "On-ice and off-ice lectures and demonstrations. Tactics. Conditioning. It reminded me of Ameri-

continued

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can football, the way they had specialists to teach all the different areas. Tarasov gave me some advice. He told me: 'Lou, if you want to be a good coach, don't copy. All you'll get is a cheap reproduction. Don't let the professionals dictate to you. Borrow from all schools, look at the nature of your people, and use their strengths to let them express themselves. Use your imagination, don't be afraid to try something new and don't pick up the pucks after practice.' "

Armed with this philosophy and bursting with ideas, Vairo returned to coach in New York, but was frustrated by the lack of ice-time available to his teams. So in 1975, when he heard about a coaching job that had opened up on a Junior A team in Austin, Minn., Vairo was quick to apply by phone.

"Where are you calling from?" one of the owners of the team, Lynn McAlister, asked.

"Brooklyn, New York," Vairo replied.

"Yeah. You sound like you're from Brooklyn. What kind of experience do you have? We're looking for a man with both experience and a reputation in coaching."

"I'm experienced. I've been coaching seven or eight years, and I'd love the opportunity. What's it offer?"

"Ten thousand a year, a car, plus expenses."

"I'll take it!" said Vairo, who at the time was making only $6,000 or $7,000 a year as an air conditioner repairman.

McAlister was taken aback. "Yeah, well, I didn't offer it to you."

The next day Vairo called back and got the president of the Austin Mavericks, Jim Weber. "What did Lynn say we were offering?" he asked Vairo.

"Ten thousand, a car, plus expenses."

"Well, that's changed. How's this sound? No expenses, no car, and four thousand."

Vairo sighed. "I'll take it." Pause. "Are you offering it?"

"No."

Vairo, who just wanted a chance to coach, was ready to offer Weber $4,000 for the job.

Weber could hardly be blamed for his misgivings. It was such a bizarre notion, recruiting a former roller hockey player from Brooklyn to coach a team in Minnesota, the heartland of American hockey.



*A member of the triumphant '80 team, Harrington now lends his experience to his young teammates.*

Finally, after Shero and Emile Francis, then Rangers G.M., recommended Vairo to Weber, Vairo was allowed to fly out on his own money and *audition* for the job. "I went out there on the ice," Vairo recalls, "and there were about 40 kids trying out, plus three guys who weren't coaches but were with the organization. I decided, 'The hell with it. I don't even want the job.' I missed Brooklyn. So the first thing I did was throw those other three guys off the ice. That impressed Jim Weber. That and the fact that my shoes were shined. He was an officer in the National Guard and was adamant about shined shoes. So I got the job."

In Vairo's first year the Mavericks, a team made up of amateur players 20 years old and younger, went from last to first place in the U.S. Junior Hockey League and also won the national junior championship. Blessed with unlimited ice-time, Vairo was finally able to implement the ideas he had picked up in the Soviet Union—playing a game of puck control, regrouping in the defensive zone, crisscrossing the forwards, emphasizing the transition game. He also had his players working on off-ice conditioning and training.

Vairo introduced a whole new style of hockey to the players. And it worked. This was four years *before* Brooks used the same system at Lake Placid, remember, and Vairo now bristles when he's asked, as he has been time and again, if he's going to play "Herb Brooks–style hockey" in the Olympics. He told one interviewer that as far as he was concerned, it was Lou Vairo–style hockey before it was anyone else's in this country—a statement he now regrets, because it upset Brooks. "What I said was accurate but unnecessary," Vairo says. "It was immature of me to do, but why should Herb be the only one with an ego? I also have an ego. When I put that style in at Austin, no one else in the country was playing that way. I put my career—if you want to call it that—on the line. If I'd failed, I would have been back in Brooklyn. A lot of people who saw us play in Austin said the same thing that some NHL types are saying about the Olympic team now: 'You're not tough enough along the boards.' That's not our style. We win games. This Olympic team skates and is fast. This team does not get penalties. This team scores power-play goals. That's our philosophy."

In many ways, Vairo is the perfect man to follow an unfollowable act. Brooks and his 1980 team. Vairo is a man with a mission, just as Brooks was. And Vairo, as Brooks was, is motivated by personal ambition as much as by the flag-waving and patriotism of the Olympics. Brooks, who had won three NCAA titles at Minnesota by the time he was selected to coach the U.S. Olympic team, wanted a chance to coach in the NHL. No U.S.-born college coach had ever made that jump before. Vairo, who has no coaching offers of any kind awaiting him after the Olympics, has an even greater barrier to break down. He wants to prove you don't have to play a game as a child to coach it as a man. It's surprising how much resistance that simple concept runs into.

Even from a few of his players. "He's a book-taught coach," says one of the 1984 Olympians. Then, in a remarkable confession, the player adds, "I won't ever get over the fact that he didn't play the game; that he didn't pay his dues."

Fortunately for Vairo, that's a minority view on the Olympic team. And that player couldn't be more wrong. Vairo has paid his dues, all right. After his stint with the Mavericks, he spent five years as coaching program director for the Amateur Hockey Association of the United States (AHAUS), writing coaching manuals and pamphlets, and running clinics. In those five years, 36,950 coaches went through various AHAUS programs, and their effect has already started to show in the quality of today's young U.S. skaters, who as a group are now far better coached than their Canadian counterparts. Vairo also coached the U.S. entries at the Junior World Championships between 1979 and 1982, and was an advance scout for the '80 Olympic team. Says the knowledgeable Scotty Bowman, general manager and coach of the Buffalo Sabres, "A lot of people in hockey don't know him, but he's a student of the game. And he's a coach. He's always asked a lot of questions, which is good, and he's got an open mind."

Vairo borrows ideas from everywhere. He heard about a college basketball coach who made everyone on his team run laps when one player broke a team rule—except the culprit, who was forced to stand and watch. Vairo loved it. So when one of the Olympians messes up a drill, Vairo will have the rest of the team drop to the ice to do push-ups. To discourage players from going offsides, he has a rule that anyone doing so during the endless three-on-twos and two-on-ones of a practice must do five somersaults. Indeed, Vairo's practices often resemble a three-ring circus, with a different drill going on in every zone, an efficient use of ice-time that is a carryover from his Brooklyn days.

One of the things that Vairo learned from Brooks was that the single biggest factor in beating the Soviets at Lake Placid was conditioning. "Brooks had that team in the best shape they could have been in," he says, "and sometimes you can beat a superior team if you're in good enough shape to play with them for 60 minutes. They could have a bad night and you could have a great night. Anything can happen."

The '84 Olympic team can skate with anybody. Verchota feels his teammates are in as good shape physically as the '80 players were. And remember, those gold medal–winners outscored their opponents by the astounding margin of 16–3 in the third period. And the '84 crew is certainly as fast as its predecessor. "We played the 1980 team," said Harvard Coach Bill Cleary after his team was thumped 11–2 by the '84 Olympians on Nov. 15, "and this one is quicker." Some teams practice at full speed. Vairo's skaters practice as if there is somebody chasing them with a carving knife. "It would be so much more difficult for us if we didn't have Verchota and Harrington," says Defenseman Tim Thomas of Richfield, Minn., "because we all know what they went through in 1980. If the coach tells us we're not working hard enough, we can look to those guys, and if they tell us it's true, well, we know we'd better get going."

Verchota and Harrington are regarded by their younger, more talented teammates with a sort of awe. They've been there. They've done it. Their quiet confidence is fiber this youthful group can very well use. Neither Verchota nor Harrington, both forwards, expected to play on another Olympic team. "If you'd

continued




*Verchota, captain of the new U.S. team, scored the tying goal against Finland in the finale in '80.*




*Although Forward Mark Kumpel didn't score here against Yale, he has had 10 goals in the exhibition games.*

asked me in 1980 what I'd be doing now," says Harrington, a teacher at Apple Valley High School in Minnesota for the past two years, "you would have had to mention the 1984 Olympic team just to get it on my list."

Verchota, who since '80 has played hockey in Finland, earned a business degree and spent six months working and fishing in Alaska, had some reservations about trying the Olympics again. "I don't know if the first time around was fun at all, to be honest with you," he says.

Four years ago, the U.S. team's exhibition season was a long, arduous grind. News that the Olympians were in town carried about as much weight as an appearance now by the unfortunate New Jersey Devils. That, of course, has changed. The affection won by the 1980 team has carried over to this group, so that people make a fuss over them wherever they go. There have been banquets; receptions, including one at the White House in September; invitations to dine with various governors; photo sessions. These kids are hot.

"We're in demand," understates General Manager Larry Johnson, who has a $1.4 million budget to run the 1984 team, compared with $750,000 in 1980. The team will operate in the black, as did the '80 program, because television revenues, corporate donations and gate receipts from the 65-game exhibition schedule are likely to bring in more than $1.5 million.

No individual is more in demand than the 18-year-old LaFontaine, whom the New York Islanders made the third pick in the NHL's June draft. A center, LaFontaine is a fantastic talent. He played last season for the Verdun Juniors of the Quebec Major Junior A Hockey League and scored 234 points in 70 games, third highest in league history. No American player has ever showed such touch around the net.

"Bill Torrey [the Islanders' general manager] never put any pressure on me to sign," says LaFontaine, who spent three weeks last summer deliberating whether to turn pro, as have such young U.S. stars as Brian Lawton, Phil Housley, Brian Mullen and Tom Barrasso (SI, Oct. 31). "We talked and he said to let the dust settle and come back in a few weeks and let him know. After watching the 1980 Olympics, this had become a dream of mine. My family wanted me to do it. It's the experience of a lifetime. It gives you a chance to see the world—we've been to Alaska, Finland, and we'll be going back to Europe again—while at the same time you're learning and developing as a hockey player. Ken Morrow of the Islanders told me after I'd made my decision that it was his year with the Olympic team that gave him the confidence that he could play in the pros."

LaFontaine will be able to play in the pros, all right; in fact, expect him to be centering a regular line for the Islanders as soon as he can get from Sarajevo to New York at the conclusion of the Games. Says one of Torrey's rival general managers, "He's the real thing—almost too good to be true. You'd kill to have a guy like that on your team."

"Those hands!" says Olympic teammate Steve Griffith admiringly. "Give me a couple of fingernails from his hands. Some calluses. Anything."

LaFontaine has been playing on a line with Left Wing David A. Jensen (there's also a David H. Jensen who plays defense). David A. was drafted by the Hartford Whalers, also in the first round, and he may be the fastest skater on the Olympic team. Jensen, 18, is a high school senior at Lawrence Academy, a private school in Groton, Mass. Vairo has matched a number of right wings with LaFontaine and Jensen—Vairo has the Olympians playing their off wings, so right wings are lefthanded shooters—and 17-year-old Olczyk seems to complement them best. Olczyk, 6′ 1″, 195 pounds,

continued

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grew up playing hockey for the Chicago Minor Hawks, but ventured to Stratford Ont. last season to play at the Junior B level. "I didn't want to be another one of those players—'Oh, Eddie Olczyk, he was good in *Chicago*,'" he says. "The kids playing hockey in Chicago have never gotten the recognition they deserve, and if I can open a few doors for them, that's the mission in my heart." (Chelios also got his start in the Windy City, but his family moved to California when he was 13.) Olczyk is a cinch to be among the top five players selected in the 1984 NHL draft. If Vairo sticks with the trio of Olczyk, LaFontaine and Jensen, it is likely to be the youngest line in Olympic history.

Vairo thinks he can use his team's youth to its advantage. "At Sarajevo, we're going to play on a big rink, where speed and quickness are way more important than physical maturity," he says. "Good conditioning, young legs, youthful enthusiasm—you'd better have those things. When Eddie Olczyk comes down the ice one-on-one against Soviet Defenseman Vyacheslav Fetisov, he's not going to be asked for his driver's license or proof of age. The younger the player, the more the element of naivete. Is that a real word? Naivete? In 1980, they were naive enough to believe in the miracle."



*Flanked by linemates Olczyk, 17, and David A. Jensen, 18, LaFontaine, 18, is the center of attention.*

"I remember when it was 2-2 against the Russians in Lake Placid," says David A. Jensen, who was watching the game at home in Needham, Mass. "I said, 'Well, it's tied now, but wait till those Reds come out for the next period.' I don't want to sound unpatriotic, but I just didn't believe we could do it. I was a 14-year-old kid who had been brainwashed about how great the Russians were. They're awful shitty, but they can be beaten. It's just one game. I think every one of us believes we can do it. Every one of those '80 guys believed it. Believingness is the thing."

There are two places starry-eyed youth can hurt you, however. Defense and leadership. All the current Olympic defensemen can skate and move the puck with consummate skill. (Vairo doesn't like them to skate *with* the puck, insisting they pass it ahead to the forwards instead.) But no one has emerged as the rock-steady defensive performer that Morrow was in 1980. That may change. Morrow himself was inconsistent during pre-Olympic play. Chelios, Fusco, 6'4" Tom Hirsch, a junior at the University of Minnesota, and 17-year-old Al Iafrate, a senior at Livonia (Mich.) Bentley High School, could all fill such a role. "When the screws have to be tightened," says Assistant Coach Tim Taylor, who's on leave from his position as head coach at Yale, "we've got guys with the ability to tighten them.

"And we're still looking for leadership. Right now the whole team sort of reacts the same to everything. When we decide to play well, it's as if the whole team decides to play well. You can sense it in the locker room. We don't have anybody yet who can go around and grab people by the throat and threaten them like a Bobby Clarke would do."

The time you need someone like that is when a team comes out flat, or the goaltender lets in a bad goal. Mark Johnson was the player who could lift the 1980 team to another level. Says Harrington:

continued



*The team needs Craig-style play from Behrend (left) and Mason.*



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"When we're down by a goal this year, you don't see the same intensity that the 1980 team had. There were guys on that team who just refused to lose. And we were down by a goal in six of seven games during the Olympics."

To gain the medal round in '84, the U.S. team will need superior goaltending. question is, will either Behrend or Mason rise to a great occasion the way Jimmy Craig did?"

The question is, will all of them?

We're on another bus now. It is outside Boston or Worcester or Providence—some industrial city in the Northeast. competition. "They ask him afterwards," Vairo says, " 'Did you ever jump seven feet before?' 'Ten thousand times,' the guy says. 'When? In practice?' 'No. I put a piece of tape on my wall seven feet high. Every morning and every night I vividly imagined myself going over it.' Every morning and every night. So that



*The sort of exuberance shown above is but one attribute that may help the U.S. Olympians to gel into a team good enough to at least make the medal round.*

Jim Craig–style. Both Behrend and Mason have played solidly thus far. Behrend, who grew up in Madison, Wis., played for the hometown Badgers and was MVP in the 1981 and 1983 NCAA tournaments, both of which Wisconsin won. He has proved himself under pressure. Mason comes from International Falls, Minn. and the University of Minnesota-Duluth. The coaching staff is talking seriously about alternating them in the Olympics. "It wouldn't bother me to play both," says Goalie Coach Dave Peterson, "because you'd always have a fresh guy in goal. But you'd be bucking tradition. It's a nice dilemma, but the There are fewer than 30 games to go before Sarajevo. They have two months to become a team.

Vairo is talking again, animatedly. He's explaining how in January he will show the players videotapes of Sarajevo, of the rooms they will be sleeping in and the rink in which they'll be playing. Of the town and the streets and the food. Of the people—everything. So that when they get there it won't be new. So that, starting in January, the players will be able to close their eyes and imagine exactly what it will be like to win there.

Vairo tells an apocryphal story of the first high jumper to clear seven feet in when the time came to do it, he *knew* he could do it."

Vairo's eyes grow big. "Listen. They have to believe. That's why I tell them about the Polish team in Katowice. That's why we'll use the videotapes. First, we must get to the medal round. Then I'd guess we'd play Sweden in the first game, and we can beat Sweden. Then we'd meet Russia for the gold medal. I can see it. I can see the score. I'm not saying what it is, but I'm going to share it with the team before we get there, and then we're going to have a team dream. Why not have a good daydream? It's natural to daydream." END

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# On The Scene

by JOHN GROSSMANN

**FLYING OBJECTS ARE IDENTIFIED AS THE TOOLS OF A FLOURISHING PASTIME**

I finally had to face up to a gap in my sports repertoire. I could field a sharply hit ground ball, turn a respectable double play; drive a golf ball 275 yards on occasion, hit a decent iron shot, body surf; ski both downhill and cross-country; make an occasional diving save in volleyball—in short, hold my own in numerous sports. But I couldn't keep three lousy balls aloft long enough to recite my Social Security number.

Let's face it, everybody wants to juggle. Admit it. You've tried. Maybe while killing time waiting for a tennis court. (Why else would the balls be packaged three to a can?) Or perhaps you've reached into some friend's fruit bowl and plucked out an apple and a couple of oranges. When they hit the floor you probably attempted to make some crack about fruit salad.

I don't have to make excuses anymore. After countless attempts since childhood, I now know how to juggle. I couldn't be prouder. Really. Until about a year ago, when I learned how to make three ordinary beanbags dance in the air, I was unfulfilled. Each time I saw a street performer or circus juggler blur the air with balls or clubs or rings I felt envious. Of course I still envy people who can juggle four, five, six or even seven objects. But I can live with that, for I can juggle now, too.

I learned how to juggle soon after my 31st birthday. A thoughtful (or mischievous) brother-in-law had sent me a book. It came with three beanbags and an apt title: *Juggling for the Complete Klutz* by John Cassidy and B.C. Rimbeaux. On the back cover the book offered some encouragement: "If you can scramble an egg, find reverse in a Volkswagen, or stumble onto the light switch in the bathroom at night . . . you can learn how to juggle."

I did, in about a half an hour.

And so have many Americans. Sales of *Klutz* recently topped 600,000, and that's just one of several indications that a juggling boom is sweeping the nation. Juggling has successfully invaded Broadway. You had to be able to juggle to be in the cast of *Barnum*. The Flying Karamazov Brothers, a flamboyant, comic juggling quintet, recently drew enthusiastic crowds to New York's Ritz Theater.

As recently as 1976, the International Jugglers Association (IJA) had fewer than 500 members. Today it has more than 2,500 members listed in its computer. Furthermore, plastic juggling clubs and other props, long made-to-order specialty items, are now readily available by mail and are even sold in some sporting goods stores.

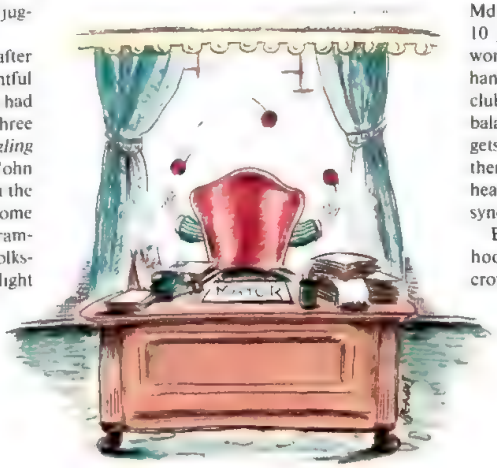
Why the boom? Says Gene Jones, convention producer and former president of the IJA, "I think it's because juggling is finally being exposed to the general public as a recreational activity. It used to be identified mostly with the circus." Traditionally, he said, juggling was something the average person watched, not did.

I caught up with Jones at the 36th annual International Jugglers Convention, held last summer on the SUNY campus in Purchase, N.Y. I arrived, beanbags in suitcase, in time to watch the so-called "joggling" races—a 100-meter dash, a mile run and a five kilometer run—all requiring start-to-finish juggling of three objects. A Guinness world record was set at the convention for most objects juggled at one time when 476 people kept aloft 1,867 items.

At the start of the 100, competitors dropped balls, bent to retrieve them and often felled somebody else. Michel Lauziere, a comedian with the Canadian troupe *Les Foubrac*, emerged from the confusion to win with a time of 14:63 seconds. Lauziere also won the mile joggle. In sweltering heat on a recently lined soccer field, he fought off a closing charge by Andrew Head of Oak Park, Ill. and finished in 5:25.58, some 22 seconds slower than his IJA record. Lauziere dropped not a single ball—for him, no great feat. A couple of years ago Lauziere ran the Montreal Marathon, juggling all the way, without a drop.

The 5K in the friendly race competitions was won in 19:35 by Shidan Habib, a 15-year-old track star from Syracuse, N.Y. During the awards ceremony came the inevitable irreverence: One of the runners-up, with barely a glance at his plaque, cast it skyward and flashed it hand to hand along with two of his juggling balls.

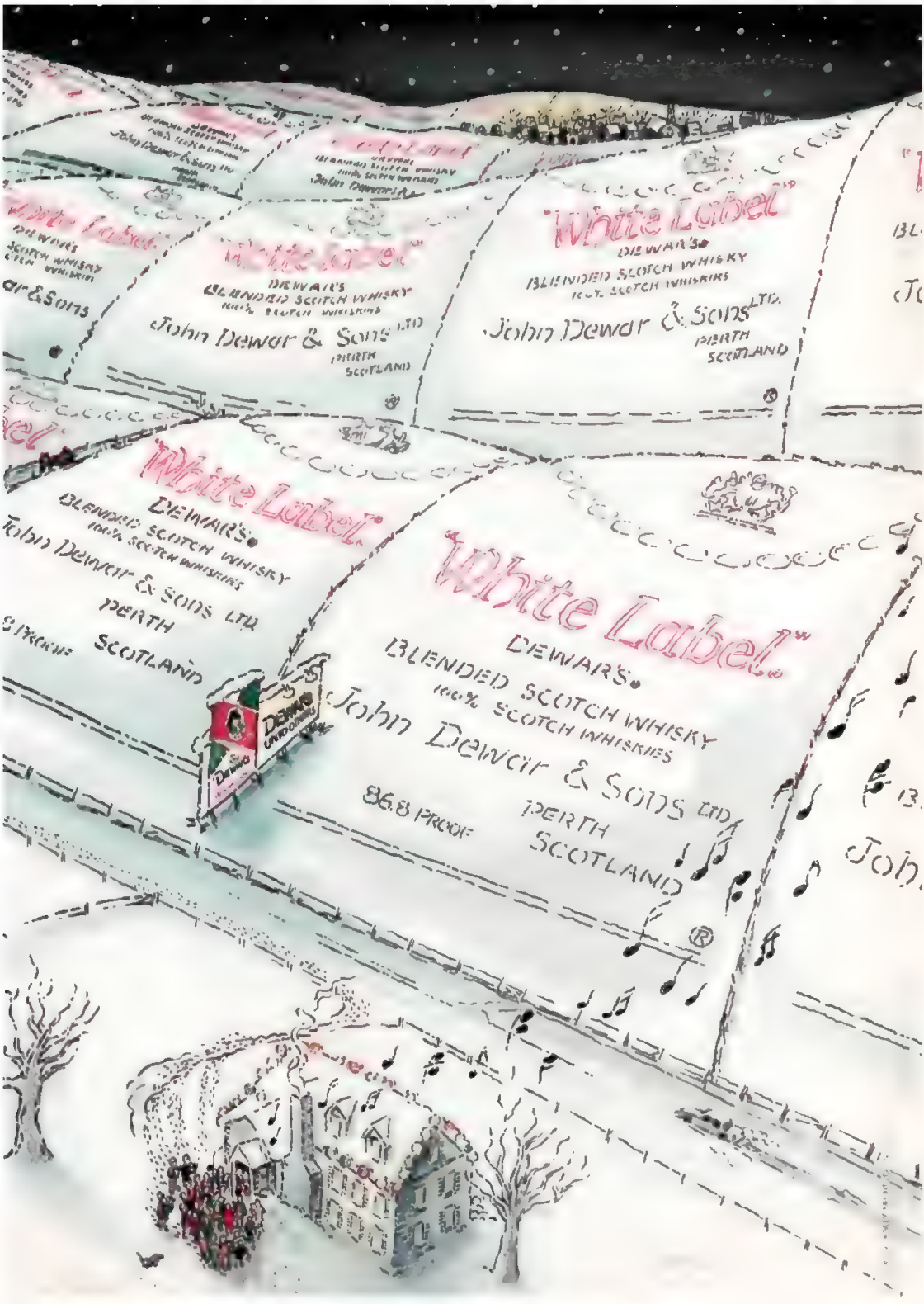
The six-day convention had other juggling competitions—team championships, junior championships and the U.S. Nationals—all conducted like gymnastics meets, with judges raising numbered cards. There was also quantity juggling, the winners being those who could keep a given number of objects aloft the longest amount of time. Quantity juggling typically takes even the most dedicated practitioner years to master. A time of 20.8 seconds was good enough to win the seven-ball competition at the convention.



First place in the five-club event went to Anthony Gatto of Ellicott City, Md. with a time of 2:49.3. Gatto is 10 years old. He is potentially the world's best juggler, but just now his hands are too small to hold five clubs. So here's how he starts: He balances one club on his forehead, gets control of the other four and then, with a well-timed nod of his head, neatly drops the fifth club in sync with the others.

Expert performances brought a hooting, foot-stomping, *knowing* crowd to its feet. And there was much to hoot about. One contestant juggled bowling balls, another, 16-pound shots. One juggler kept three balls going—behind his back. But it was the team juggling that really caught my eye, with six, seven, of-

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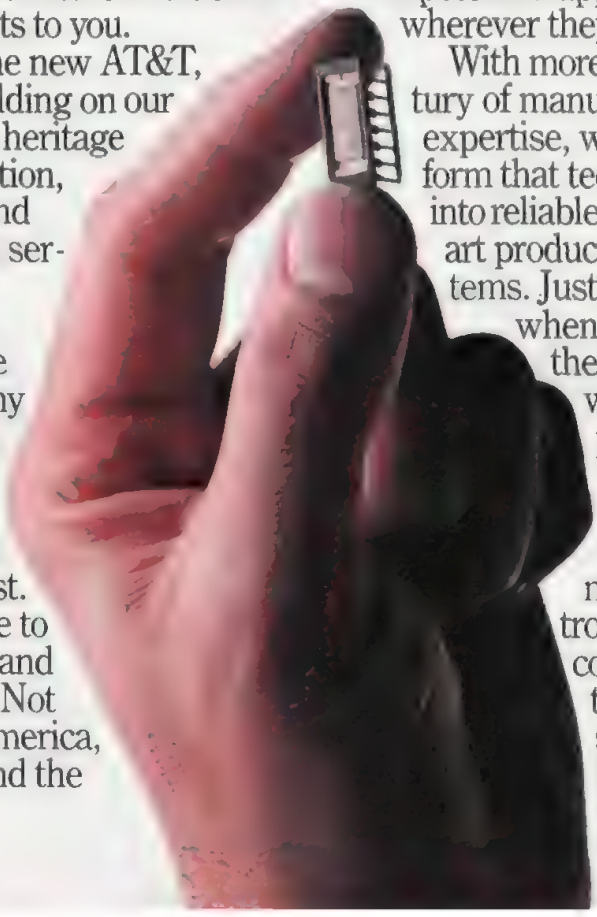

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ten eight long-necked clubs gracefully arcing through the air.

I began to appreciate the intrinsic beauty of juggling, which previously had seemed to be simply a challenge. The judged competitions in the evenings were dazzling to see, but I managed to learn more at practice sessions in the university gymnasium, which was kept open until the early hours of morning.

No one simply strode onto the gym's polished hardwood floor. At any moment, hundreds of objects filled the air—beanbags, tennis balls, rings, clubs, cigar boxes, bowler hats, Ping-Pong balls—loosed by people just about as varied. Long-haired refugees from the '60s practiced alongside corporate types from suburbia. The young traded tips with the elderly, the paunchy with the athletic. Friendly cries of "top this" were heard constantly across the teeming floor. Authors hawked how-to books, and purveyors of juggling equipment displayed beautifully banded show clubs and, among other things, balls that glow in the dark.

Near an equipment display I met Dave Finnigan, president of JuggleBug, a purveyor of inexpensive props designed for beginners and professionals. That day he wore a burgundy T shirt, loose-fitting aquamarine drawstring pants, sandals and a bit of turquoise jewelry around his neck and altogether looked the part of the Pied Piper that he is. He has probably taught more people how to juggle than anyone alive.

Finnigan began juggling seven years ago, when he was 35. A friend's performance had brought delighted applause from Finnigan's son, who has cerebral palsy. "Would you like your dad to learn this?" Finnigan asked. Soon afterward, in the woods near his Seattle home, he taught himself how to juggle. "This is crazy," he thought. "Somebody should have taught me this in P.E. It's good for concentration, hand-eye coordination, balance, timing."

Without a second thought, Finnigan turned his back on a pending Ph.D. and a promising career in population control and family planning and made juggling his life's work. Nowadays, he and his associates teach juggling to school children. Give him a morning assembly to capture the students' fancy and then a day's worth of gym classes, and, he says, he can teach virtually anyone from the third grade up to juggle. He starts off

*continued*

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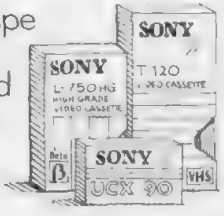


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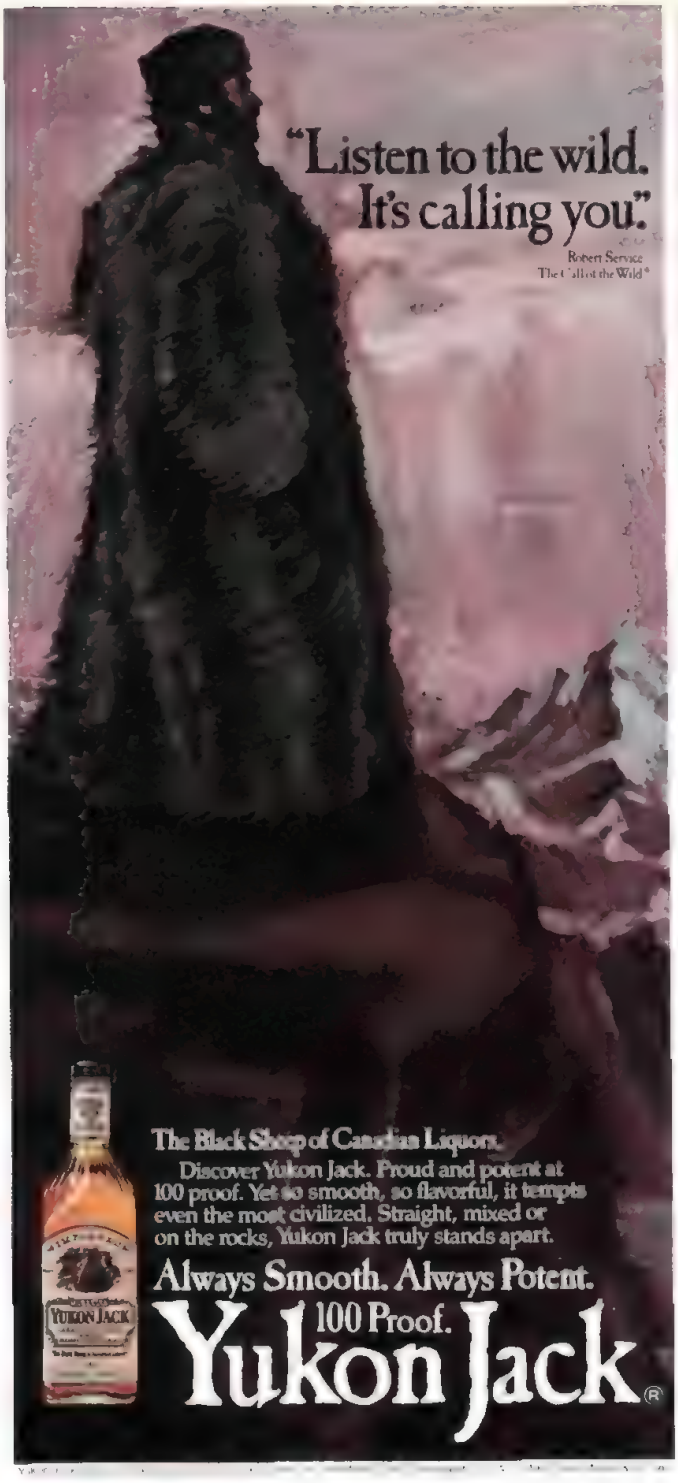
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his students with custom-made nylon scarves, which are easier to manage than balls or beanbags.

Finnigan stopped counting when his Seattle-area pupils topped the 200,000 mark, but he hasn't stopped teaching. "I believe that by junior high, kids have divided themselves into spectators and participants," he says. "My objective is to take kids off the sidelines."

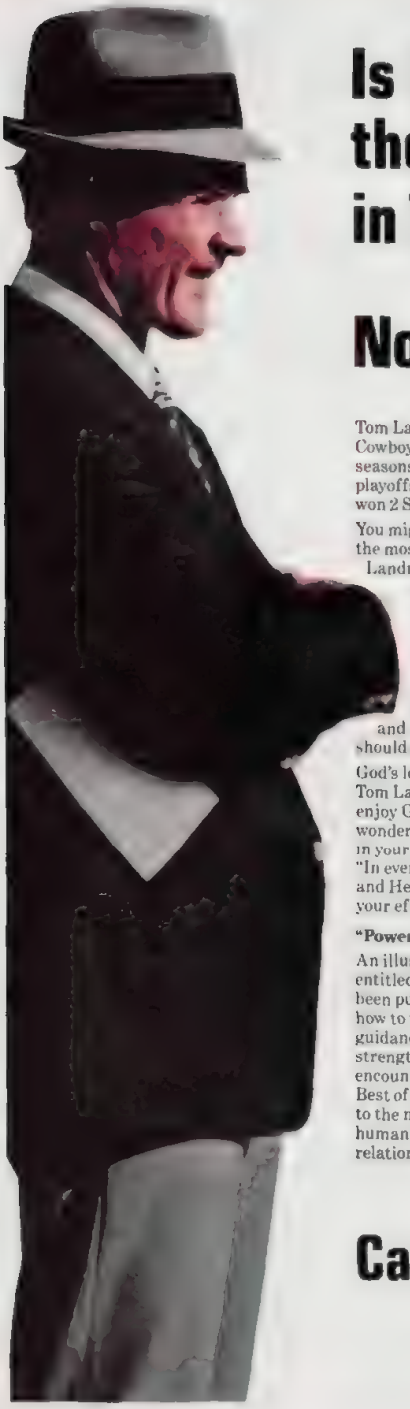
Adults, too. "I'm surprised," he says, "at the number of people who can get into a 4,000-pound car and drive downtown and yet are afraid to learn how to juggle, afraid they might drop something and look like a fool." Once mastered, Finnigan emphasizes, the skill builds self-confidence. Many find that juggling relieves stress. Mayor Charley Royer of Seattle, for one, keeps beanbags in his desk and has been known to take juggling breaks during especially hectic workdays.

Says Finnigan: "If I feel anger coming on I just get out five balls or work on something on the leading edge of my capabilities, something I really have to concentrate on, but not too hard, not seven balls. That would only make me frustrated and angrier."

Along the way, most jugglers become increasingly ambidextrous. Consider a letter to *Jugglers World* magazine from a recent convert who signed his name Lefty Hopkins. Hopkins had long lamented his inability to move to the right in one-on-one basketball. Then he took up juggling. He wrote that an inbounds play against his usual basketball opponent produced a surprise. "I went into my classic right fake [drive left], but before I knew it, I'd blown by him on the right." His drive ended in a successful right-handed hook.

Realizing that my own left hand was good for little more than typing and scratching, I made the logical move. I asked Finnigan to teach me how to juggle clubs, which would elevate me one step higher in the fraternity of jugglers. I had a basic command of juggling three beanbags. He reviewed the standard cascade pattern, a horizontal figure 8, and started me with one club, increasing that to two, then three.

That afternoon, I broke through. Twelve consecutive tosses. Sixteen. Eighteen! I felt wonderful. Was it mere coincidence that the year Finnigan gave an impromptu juggling lesson to the Seattle SuperSonics, they went on to win the NBA championship? **END**



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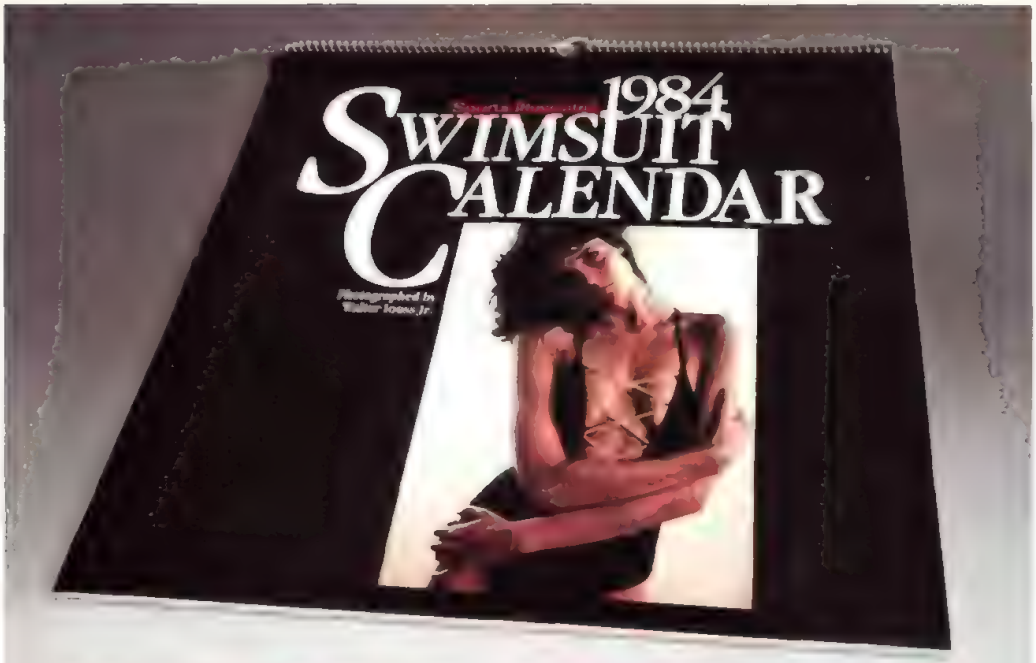
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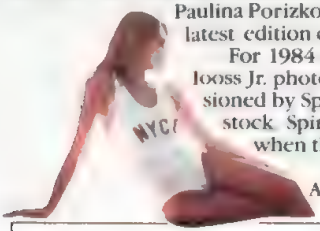
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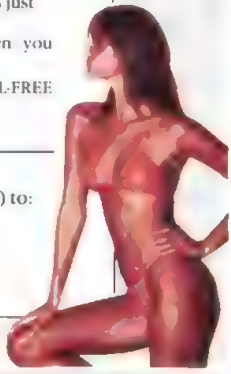
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# FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the week Nov. 28-Dec. 4**

Compiled by IVAN MAISEL

**PRO BASKETBALL**—New York won four games in walkovers, the most impressive of which was a 127-93 upset of Washington. The Bullets without the services of top scorer and rebounder Center Jeff Ruland were outrebounded by the Knicks 62-26. Ruland had a sore left hand. Washington didn't need him two nights later when the Bullets upset Philadelphia 103-98. Ricky Sobers led the winners with 29 points and Rick Mahorn had a career-high 19 rebounds. The Atlantic Division-leading Sixers bounced back to beat Boston 121-114 in overtime. Milwaukee stop the Central Division ran its winning streak to five games and signed All-Star Guard Sidney Moncrief to a $6 million contract for a like number of years. Los Angeles maintained its Pacific Division lead but more notable, San Diego Center Bill Walton played on consecutive nights for the first time in his five seasons with the Clippers. They still lost both games, 119-114 at Seattle and 117-115 to Utah. Later in the week Walton broke the ring finger on his right hand and will be out two months. The Jazz won four games by five points or less. Still Utah gained only half a game on Dallas, the Midwest Division leader, which ran its win string to eight *(page 38)*.

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL**—In Division I-A action Bo Jackson rushed for 256 yards, including TDs of 69 and 71 yards, to lead No. 3 Auburn over Alabama 23-20. No. 10 Florida walloped Florida State 53-14. No. 19 Air Force crushed San Diego State 38-17, and Oklahoma rallied to defeat Hawaii 21-17.

AUGUSTANA beat Union College 21-17 to win the NCAA Division III title in the Stagg Bowl in Kings Island, Ohio.

**PRO FOOTBALL**—Atlanta, winner of its previous two games on last-minute heroics, saved its big burst for the end again, scoring 21 fourth-quarter points. Unfortunately, the Falcons had spotted Washington a 34-0 lead. The Redskins' 37-21 triumph, coupled with Dallas' 35-10 shellacking of Seattle, proved the NFC East co-leaders were the only football people not looking forward to next week's showdown in Dallas. Miami had a glorious week. On Monday Coach Don Shula signed a multiyear contract, ending speculation that he might jump to the USFL's New Jersey Generals. That night the Dolphins dominated Cincinnati 38-14. On Sunday Tony Nathan's five-yard TD run capped a 24-17 comeback win over Houston that clinched the AFC East title. The Bengals bounced back to whip Pittsburgh 23-10. Cincy's Pete Johnson rushed for 126 yards and two TDs, and the Steelers committed five turnovers in their third straight loss. Cleveland had a chance to tie Pittsburgh at 9-5 for the AFC Central lead but ran into Quarterback John Elway—remember him?—of Denver. He threw for 284 yards, including TD passes of 39 and 49 yards to fellow rookie Clint Sampson, to lead the Broncos to a 20-6 win. Denver's slim chance of catching Los Angeles ended Thursday night when the Raiders 11-3, clinched the AFC West title by roasting San Diego 42-0. Philadelphia Quarterback Ron Jaworski threw a 29-yard TD pass to Tony Woodruff with 21 seconds left to play to upset the Los Angeles Rams 14-9. The 8-6 Rams thus fell into a tie for the NFC West lead with San Francisco, which trounced Tampa Bay 35-21. The 49ers rushed for 227 yards, only one week after Chicago had limited them to 41 yards. Green Bay held on to its slim playoff hopes by defeating Chicago 31-28 on Jan Stenerud's 19-yard field goal with :03 left in the game. Buffalo beat Kansas City 14-9. New England defeated New Orleans 7-0, the New York Jets edged Baltimore 10-6 and St. Louis beat the New York Giants 10-6. Sold-out Giants Stadium had 51,589 empty seats an NFL record for no-shows.

**HOCKEY**—'Twas the night before Hanukkah and New Jersey came up with a miracle of its own. The Devils, who had only four points in their first 22 games, beat Chicago 3-2 on Pat Verbeek's deflection of a Jan Ludvig shot with 9:28 left in the game. They then tied Washington 2-2 and shut out Detroit 6-0. Buffalo remained in the Adams Division lead by winning three games. The Sabres needed only 17 shots to defeat Montreal 5-2 and then beat the Canadiens again 6-2. Minnesota threatened to blow apart the Norris Division race. The North Stars twice beat Pittsburgh 6-4, getting two goals from Left Wing Tom McCarthy in each game, and then won 6-2 at Boston before losing 6-4 on the Rangers' ice. Minnesota, 6-2-1 in its last nine road games, then built a six-point bulge over second-place Toronto. The Rangers' victory kept them in the Patrick Division lead by a point over the Islanders, who beat Smythe Division leading Edmonton 4-2 at Northlands Coliseum *(page 24)*.

**HORSE RACING**—FIGHTING TIT ($13.40), Eddie Delahoussaye up, won the $169,450 National Sprint Championship at Hollywood Park by 2½ lengths over Expressman. The 4-year-old ran the six furlongs in 1:09⅘.

**MARATHON**—TOSHIHIKO SEKO won the Fukuoka (Japan) International in a time of 2:08:52, three seconds better than that of Tanzania's Juma Ikangaa *(page 75)*.

**INDOOR SOCCER**—MISL Cleveland held on to the lead in the East with a 5-4 victory over Memphis. Baltimore won twice at home, 7-1 over Kansas City and 7-4 over Buffalo. The Comets then beat Pittsburgh 6-5 to pull within half a game of Western Division-leading St. Louis which lost 4-2 to previously winless Tacoma.

NASL—The Cosmos gained not only a comeback 4-3 win over San Diego but a star. Forward Stan Terlecki, last of the Golden Bay Earthquakes, who signed a one-year indoor-outdoor contract. The loss dropped the Sockers half a game behind first-place Chicago, which won 5-4 at Golden Bay. David Hudson and Karl-Heinz Granitza each scored twice for the Sting.

**MILEPOSTS**—AWARDED: The Heisman Trophy, to Nebraska I-Back MIKE ROZIER, who gained 2,148 yards and set NCAA records with 29 rushing TDs in 1983 and a career average of 7.2 yards per carry.

HIRED: As football coach at LSU, BILL ARNSPARGER, 57, the defensive coordinator for the Miami Dolphins. He replaced JERRY STOVALL, 42, who was fired after a 22-21-2 record over four seasons and a 4-7 mark in 1983.

MOVED: To Minneapolis, the NASL FORT LAUDERDALE STRIKERS, who will be known as the Minnesota Strikers. The team left south Florida because there was no arena suitable for big league indoor soccer. Beginning in 1984 the Strikers will play indoors at the Met Center and "outdoors" at the Metrodome.

NAMED: As LPGA Player of the Year, PATTY SHEEHAN, 27, who won four tournaments and $250,399.

PUT ON PROBATION: By the NCAA, the UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS football program, for two years effective Nov. 21, 1983, for what the NCAA termed "significant violations" from 1979 to '82. They included offering money and other benefits to recruits, providing them with more than one expense paid visit to the school and giving employment to one high school athlete. The Jayhawks will be banned from TV appearances and a bowl game only for the 1984 season. The NCAA banned one unnamed former assistant coach from any involvement with the football program for three years.

SUSPENDED: For two games and fined $5,000 by the NBA, Denver Nuggets Coach DOUG MOE, 45, for ordering his team to stop playing defense for the last 1:12 of a 156-116 loss to the Portland Trail Blazers on Nov. 22.

**• • • • CREDITS • • • •**

**2**—(left to right) Andy Hayt, Jane Stewart, Jerry Wachter; **4**—(from above) **19**—Fastest Jr. by Sam C. Weissman; **22**—NBC; **30,31**—Mickey Palmer; Focus on Sports; **32,33**—Neil Leifer; (left) Focus on Sports; **34**—Mickey Palmer; (top) Sharpell; **37**—Tim Wassle; **38,39**—Richard Mackson; Phil Huber; **40**—Phil Huber; (top left) Andy Hayt; **42**—Andy Hayt; **83**—Greg Davis; (left) **84**—Claire McPherson; **86**—Jane Stewart; **86,87**—Tony Triolo; **62,63**—Jane Stewart; **66,68**—Jerry Wachter; **70**—Harry Kuemmerle; **73**—Tony Triolo; **75**—Greg Davis; **76**—Mark Kiefer; **80**—Jacqueline Dawson; **83**—Mac Craig; (from above) **84,85**—Jane Stewart; **86,87**—George Kalergis; (left) Harry Kuemmerle; **88**—Anthony Neste; (top) Harry Kuemmerle; **90**—Anthony Neste; **92,93**—Anthony Neste; Paul Berlenbach; (bottom right) **94**—Paul Berlenbach; **96,98**—Harry Kuemmerle; **100**—(right, bottom) B. Whitelaw; Katherine Walker; Ron Fotheringham; Cramer; (above) more; Don Anderson; (left) Heinz.

# FACES IN THE CROWD



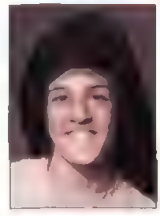
**HEATHER KUZMICH**
DAYTON, OHIO

Heather, 17, recently won her third straight Canadian and fourth straight Ontario girls' junior golf titles. She also set five women's course records this year, one of which was a three-under-par 69 at the 90-year-old Victoria Golf Club.



**KEVIN DEFORREST**
QUINCY, ILL.

DeForrest, 26, led off for the St. Louis Masters in the 4 × 50 meter freestyle relay at the U.S. Masters Swimming meet with a 22.59 leg, equaling the third-best clocking ever in the 50 free. His time was .05 shy of Robin Leamy's world record.



**MONIQUE TARANTINI**
WEBSTER, W. VA.

Monique, a 5'8" senior guard for the Morgantown St. Francis High girls' basketball team has scored 2,853 points over her four seasons to set the West Virginia girls' high school career scoring record. She has had single-game highs of 52 and 54.



**HARDIN BROWN**
RED SPRINGS, N.C.

Hardin, a senior quarterback running back for R-2 Red Springs High, had 437 yards total offense in a 47-6 win over South Brunswick. He had three TDs and a two-point conversion, kicked a field goal and completed four of five passes.



**ANNETTE DUVALL**
BELLEVUE, WASH.

Duvall, a junior forward for the Western Washington University women's soccer team, scored all the goals in a 3-0 win over the University of Washington. It was the Vikings' 22nd consecutive victory over the last two seasons.



**MARK SCHWAB**
OSAGE, IOWA

Mark, 16, won national junior championships in the 105½-pound division in both freestyle and Greco-Roman wrestling. He has twice been the Iowa Class AA tinlist in his weight class and was 26-0 last season for Osage High.

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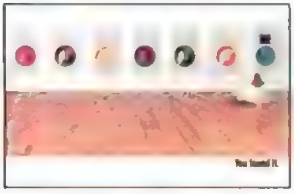
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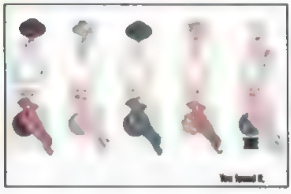


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# 19TH HOLE

# THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

**SHALLOW BOWLS**

Sir:

Thanks to Douglas S. Looney for his fine article (*It Rained on SMU's Parade*, Nov. 28). How can a team with only one loss—to Texas, the No. 2–ranked team in the nation—be passed up by the major bowls? As SMU Coach Bobby Collins has said, "If TV and all that stuff is going to control it, then why don't we just turn pro and go from there?"

MARK YUROSKO
Orange, Calif.

Sir:

I am a Michigan and UCLA fan, but on Jan. 2 I want to watch the best teams play, and that means SMU should be in action. Bring on the playoffs!

Even without playoffs, the networks and bowl committees should realize that a major bowl victory or two gives any team "marquee value," which makes it easier in the long run to get the best match-ups. The networks are underestimating fan interest in seeing new teams. Wild horses—in this case, Mustangs—*could* drag us away.

SCOTT TUCKER
Seattle

Sir:

In regard to your article concerning the shafting of SMU, it is my opinion that there have always been several unwritten laws governing college football, one of them being that the best way to gain recognition and respect is to play a strong schedule. That lays the groundwork for television exposure and therefore aids a team with one or even two losses to get into a major bowl. Michigan getting the nod by the Sugar Bowl is a perfect example of this law in action.

So SMU has little to complain about. While it has no control over the strength of its conference opposition, playing nonconference opponents such as Texas-Arlington, Louisville and Grambling in no way enhances SMU's appeal. SMU is going where it deserves to go.

JOHN C. NEYLAND
San Antonio

**THE DREAM**

Sir:

Terrific! The article by Curry Kirkpatrick on Nigeria's and the University of Houston's Akeem (the Dream) Olajuwon (*The Liege Lord of Noxzema*, Nov. 28) was very much in order. Olajuwon is one of the most dominant centers in the history of college basketball, although I wouldn't go so far as to say he could make chopped liver of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. I'm not much of a Houston Cougar fan, but I recognize a truly fine athlete when I see one. I hope the Dream will keep on making the rest of the Southwest Conference eat basketballs.

GREG DOYEL
Oxford, Miss.

**THE TRAGIC LESSON OF TODD BECKER**

Sir:

Thanks to Rick Telander for pointing out yet another angle in the politics of college football (*"Any of Us Might Have Done It,"* Nov. 21). It is a fact of life that colleges—Pitt is not alone—take 6′2″, 214-pound boys, turn them into football machines and say they are making men of them, when in fact the only question on the college officials' minds is, "How much money can this kid draw for the school's athletic fund?"

It's a shame that it is human nature always to wait for a tragedy to occur before we open our eyes to change. But I am proud to see that one coach, Foge Fazio, and one school, the University of Pittsburgh, are taking the first steps toward treating these boys as growing human beings first, football players second.

MARY D. CHUBA
Houston



Perkins chose his Carolina number to match his sleeve length, but it may be too low.

**MEASURES OF A MAN**

Sir:

I enjoyed Curry Kirkpatrick's story on No. 1 North Carolina's Michael Jordan and Sam Perkins (*A Towering Twosome*, Nov. 28). It is our house that Sam calls home. I would like, however, to point out one tiny error: Sam's sleeve length is 43½, not 41. My husband had Sam measured for dress shirts last year and in doing so found that he no longer had a 41-inch sleeve.

Sam has added a dimension to our lives and we to his during these past four years. We have asked only that in the future he do the same for another youngster. When he does that, he will have repaid us in full for whatever sense of warmth, love and family we have been able to provide. We are better for having Sam come not only into our home but also into our hearts.

MARLENE ELACQUA
Latham, N.Y.

• When asked about it last week, Perkins insisted his sleeve length is still 41. This prompted Irving Stulmaker of Stulmaker's Ltd., an Albany, N.Y. menswear shop, to check his records. He found that he had personally measured Perkins at 43½. Either way, Perkins obviously is well armed to play his game.—ED.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.


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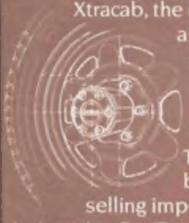
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